

Congressman Pumphrey the People's Friend

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T.
McCutcheon



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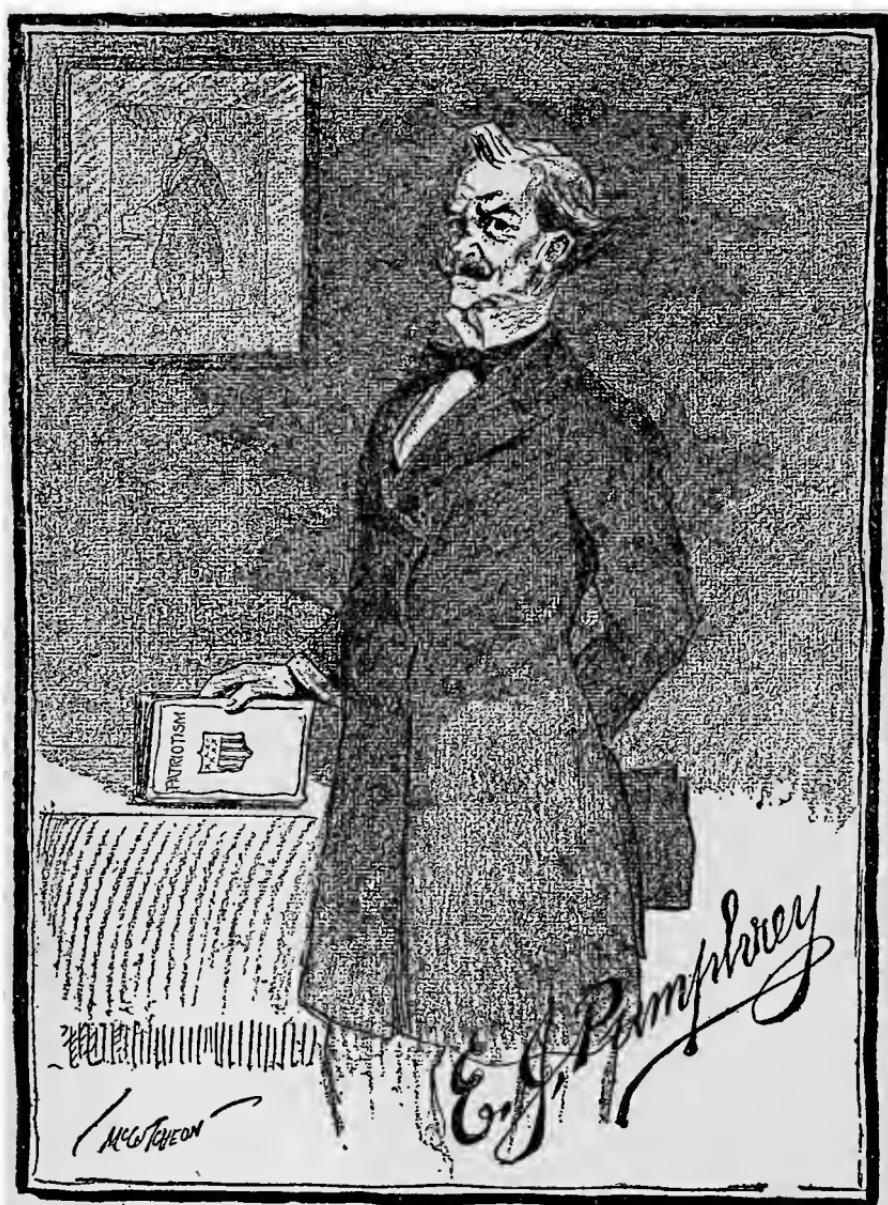
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*Congressman Pumphrey
The People's Friend*



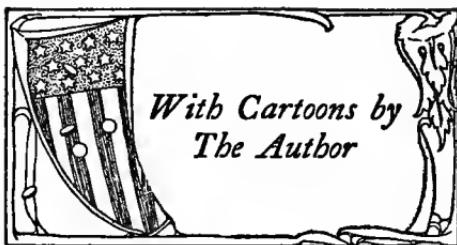


E. Joseph Pumphrey, M. C.

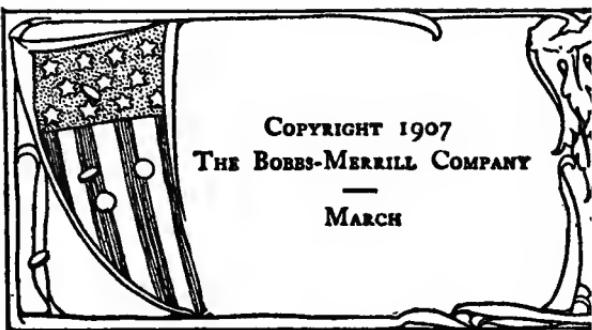
Congressman Pumphrey The People's Friend

By
John T. McCutcheon

Y, 1870-1879



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THE CARTOONS

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INTRODUCING HON. E. JOSEPH PUMPHREY, M. C.

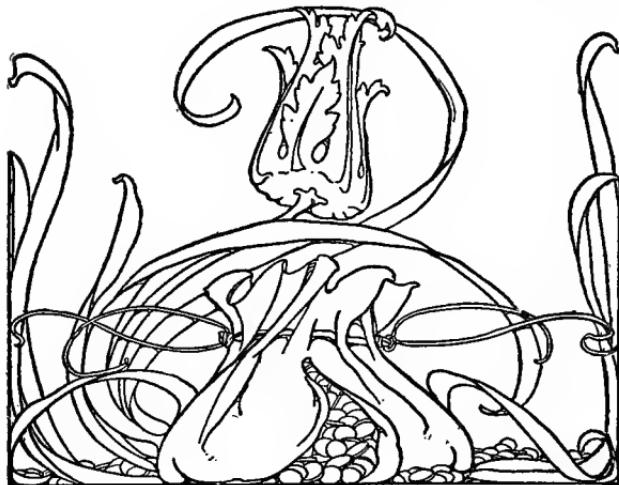
I wish the Honorable Pumphrey would get around to roll-call a little oftener. He's neglecting his opportunities. He ought to drop in on us occasionally while he's passing. I'd like to help him along. I hear of him once in a while, but I don't believe I remember ever having actually seen him among the Congressmen at our end of the Capitol building. Consequently, I am forced to infer that he must be either very particular or constitutionally weary. In either case he need not be lonesome, for we have both kinds. I don't know what legislation Pumphrey is concerning himself in—whether it's good or bad—but in either case he will not accomplish much by conducting a "gum shoe" campaign in Congress. Let him raise his eloquent voice in the House once in a while, even if it's only to respond to roll-call. He shouldn't hide his light under a bushel—or any other kind of measure, for that matter.

I've heard something of Pumphrey as an orator. If what I've heard is true, he should hasten

to avail himself of the acoustic properties of the House. There are great openings for orators on the floor, and I should be pleased to provide him with one if he will only give me sufficient provocation.

I'd like to know Pumphrey better. He belongs to a type of statesmen that I've seen exploited frequently in the public press, but have never had the pleasure of laying my hands on. So I hope he'll come around at once—at least once.

W. C. Ladd





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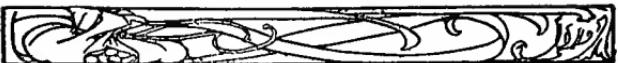
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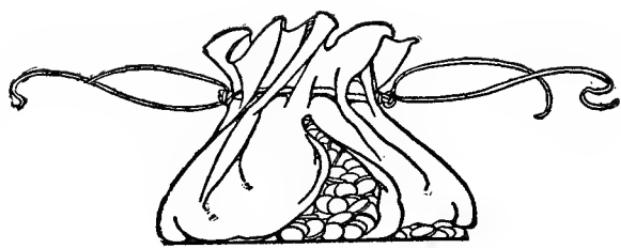
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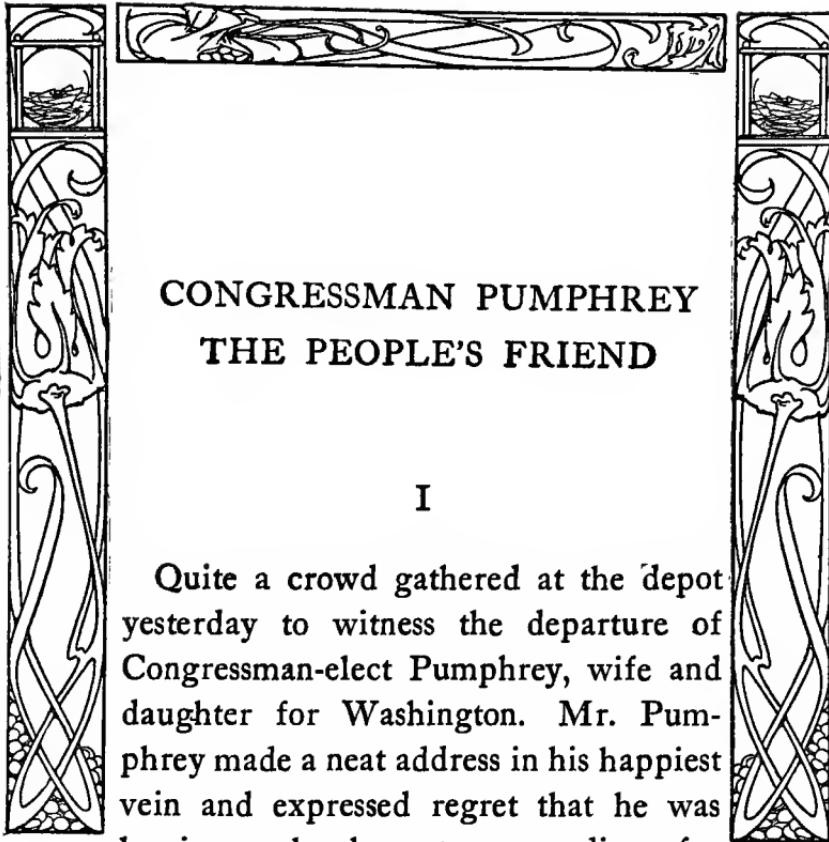
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The People's Friend*





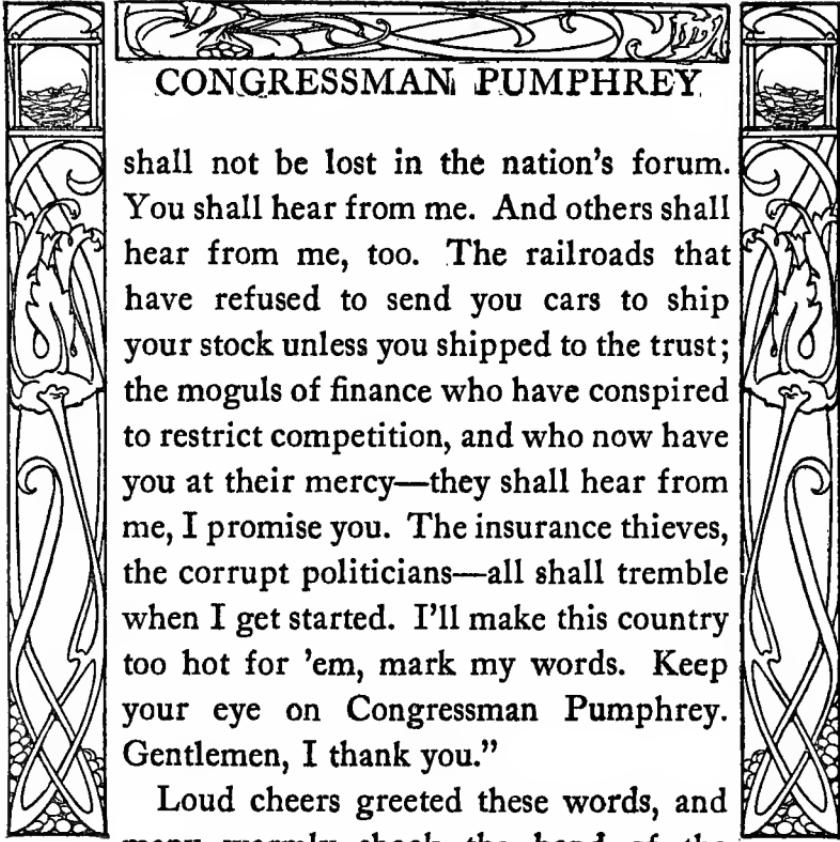


CONGRESSMAN PUMPHREY THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND

I

Quite a crowd gathered at the depot yesterday to witness the departure of Congressman-elect Pumphrey, wife and daughter for Washington. Mr. Pumphrey made a neat address in his happiest vein and expressed regret that he was leaving such pleasant surroundings for the hurly-burly of a statesman's life in the capital.

"But," said he with ringing voice, "I



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shall not be lost in the nation's forum. You shall hear from me. And others shall hear from me, too. The railroads that have refused to send you cars to ship your stock unless you shipped to the trust; the moguls of finance who have conspired to restrict competition, and who now have you at their mercy—they shall hear from me, I promise you. The insurance thieves, the corrupt politicians—all shall tremble when I get started. I'll make this country too hot for 'em, mark my words. Keep your eye on Congressman Pumphrey. Gentlemen, I thank you."

Loud cheers greeted these words, and many warmly shook the hand of the statesman who wears well the title, "The People's Friend."—*Minerva Junction Investigator.*



"I'll make this country too hot for 'em, mark my words. Keep your eye on Congressman Pumphrey"

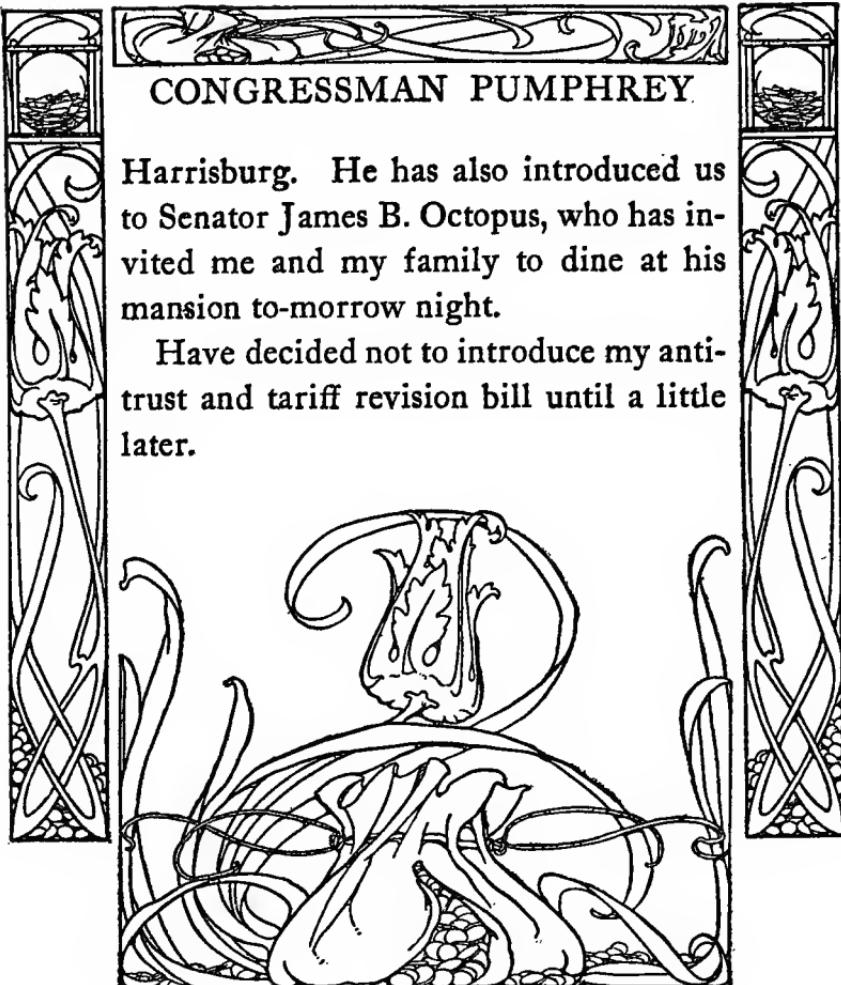
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II

Washington, D. C., December 6.—Wednesday.—Have been here four days. Wife and daughter delighted. Been too busy to write very much. Have met some charming people.

Colonel Harrison K. Bunker, the attorney for the consolidated railroad combine, has been very kind to me in the way of helping me to get a suitable house. I met him on the train coming down from



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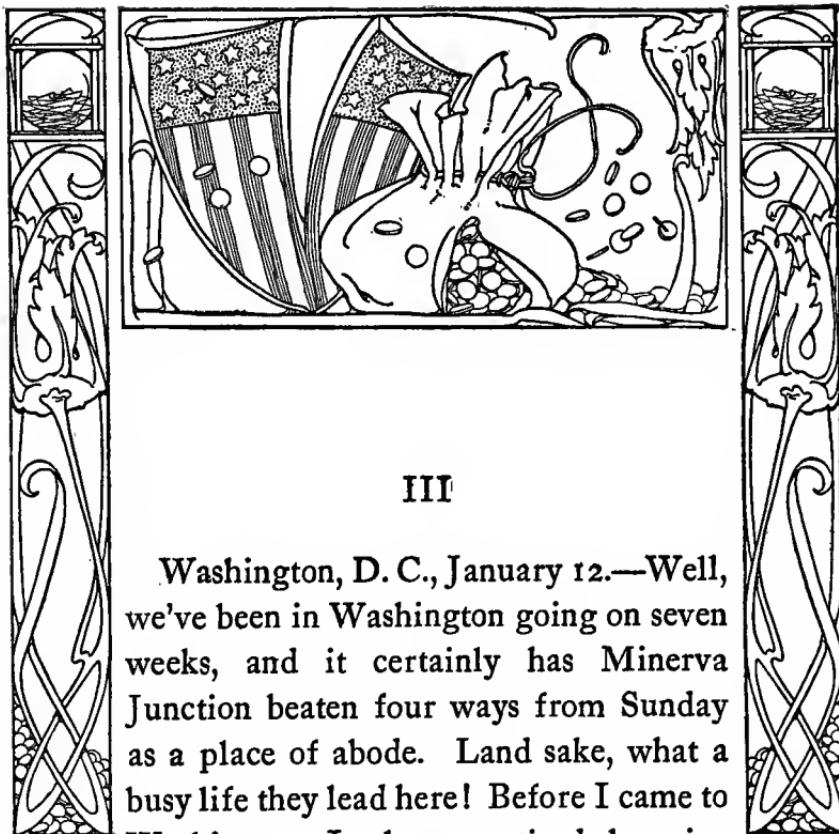
Harrisburg. He has also introduced us to Senator James B. Octopus, who has invited me and my family to dine at his mansion to-morrow night.

Have decided not to introduce my anti-trust and tariff revision bill until a little later.



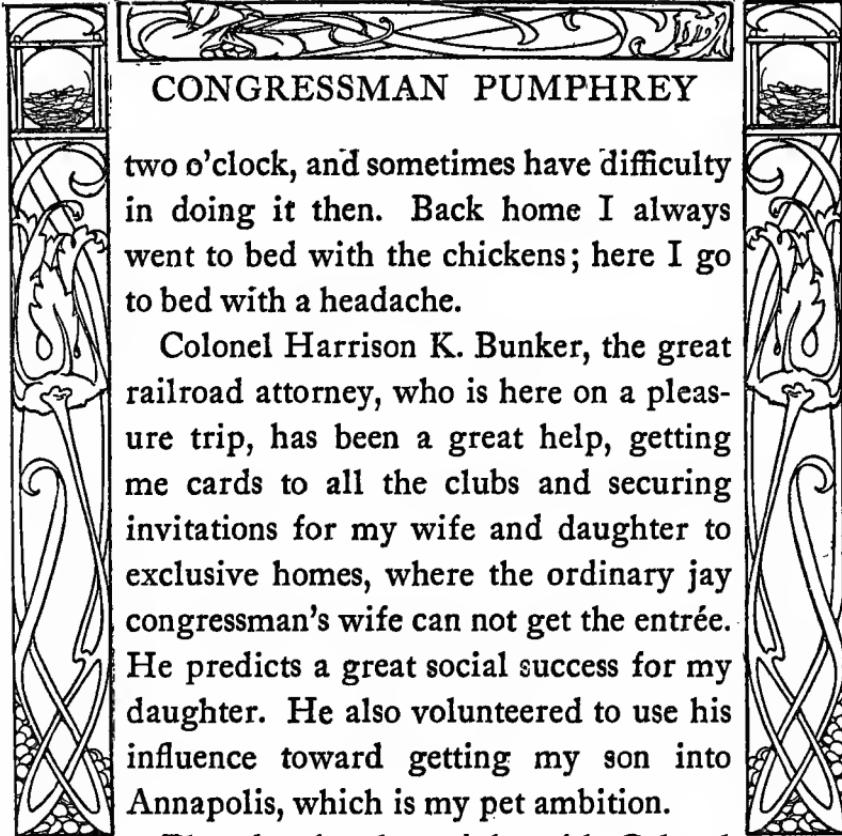
Have been here four days. Wife and daughter
delighted. Have met some charming people

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III

Washington, D. C., January 12.—Well, we've been in Washington going on seven weeks, and it certainly has Minerva Junction beaten four ways from Sunday as a place of abode. Land sake, what a busy life they lead here! Before I came to Washington I always retired by nine o'clock, Minerva Junction time, which is several years behind Washington time, but now I seldom turn in before one or

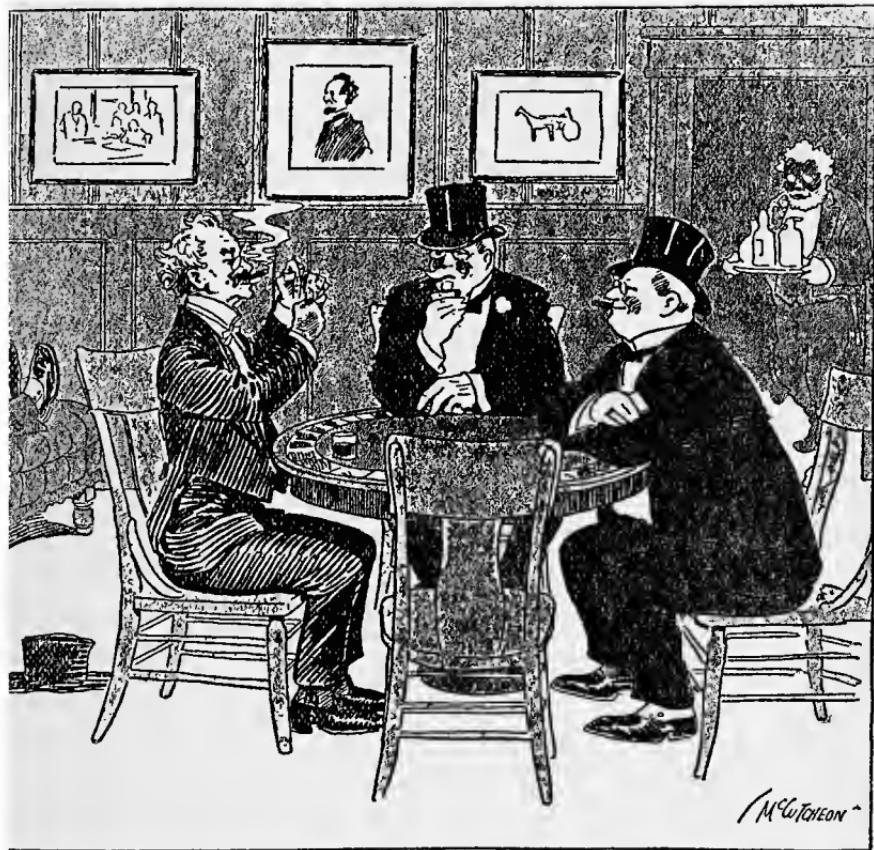


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two o'clock, and sometimes have difficulty in doing it then. Back home I always went to bed with the chickens; here I go to bed with a headache.

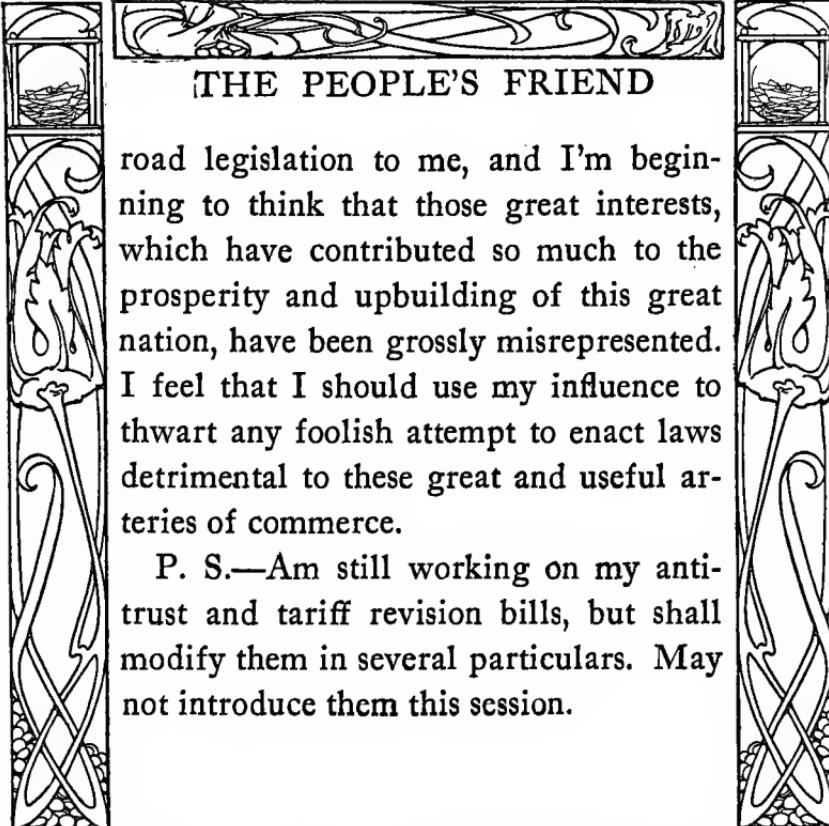
Colonel Harrison K. Bunker, the great railroad attorney, who is here on a pleasure trip, has been a great help, getting me cards to all the clubs and securing invitations for my wife and daughter to exclusive homes, where the ordinary jay congressman's wife can not get the entrée. He predicts a great social success for my daughter. He also volunteered to use his influence toward getting my son into Annapolis, which is my pet ambition.

Played poker last night with Colonel Bunker and Senator James B. Octopus and won an even twenty-five hundred from them. They have explained the rail-



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five hundred from them

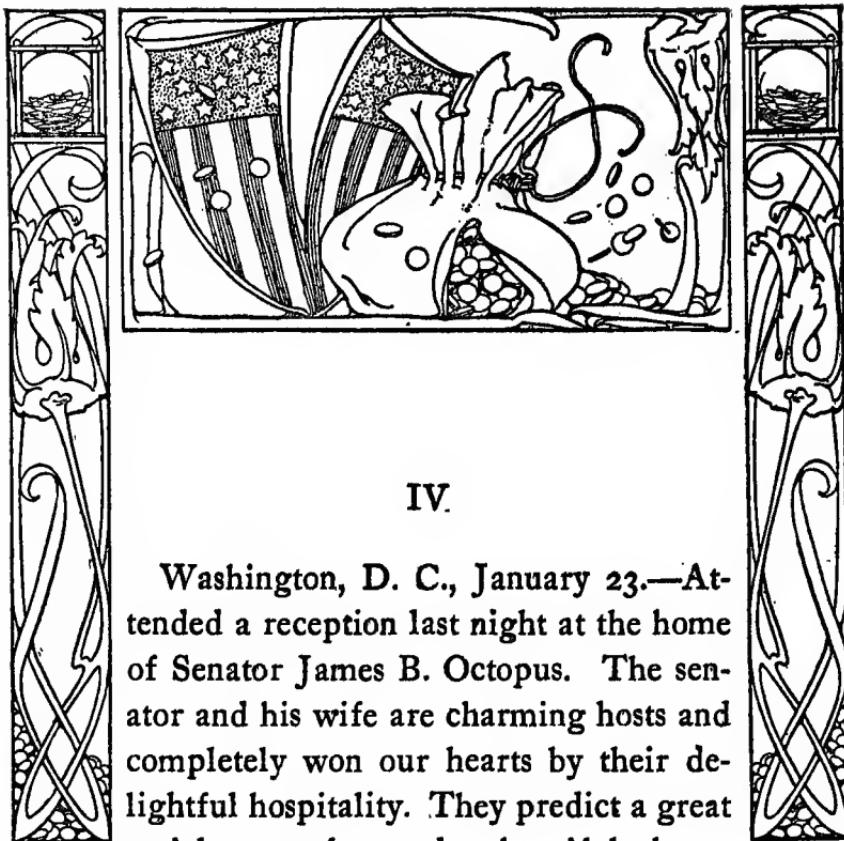
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road legislation to me, and I'm beginning to think that those great interests, which have contributed so much to the prosperity and upbuilding of this great nation, have been grossly misrepresented. I feel that I should use my influence to thwart any foolish attempt to enact laws detrimental to these great and useful arteries of commerce.

P. S.—Am still working on my anti-trust and tariff revision bills, but shall modify them in several particulars. May not introduce them this session.

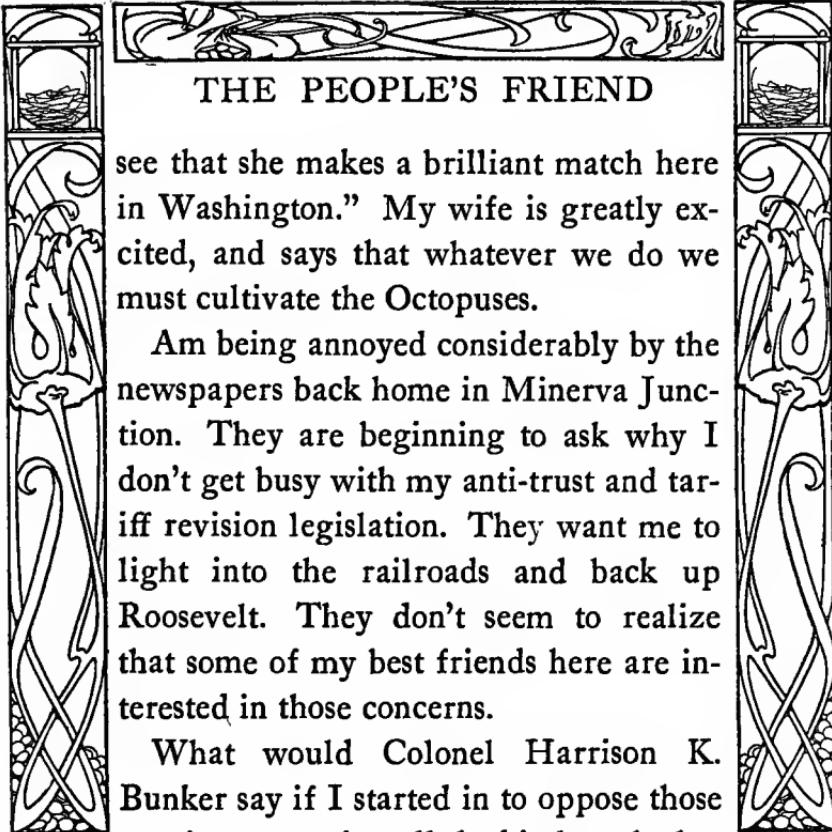


IV.

Washington, D. C., January 23.—Attended a reception last night at the home of Senator James B. Octopus. The senator and his wife are charming hosts and completely won our hearts by their delightful hospitality. They predict a great social success for my daughter if she keeps in the right set.

“Pumphrey,” said the senator, “that’s a charming girl you have, and I’m going to



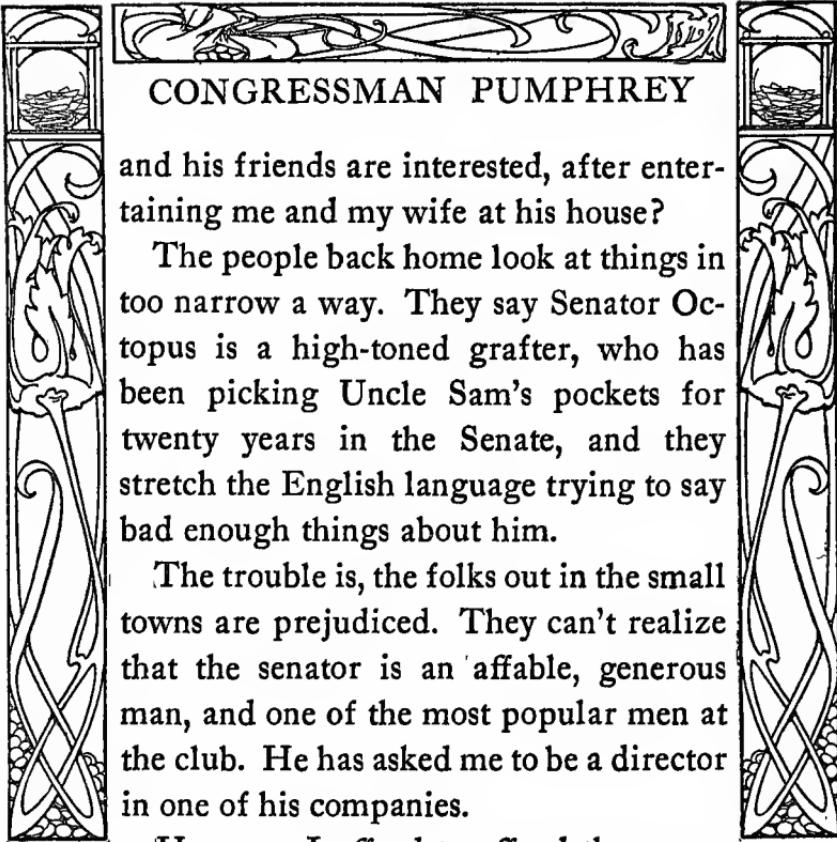


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see that she makes a brilliant match here in Washington." My wife is greatly excited, and says that whatever we do we must cultivate the Octopuses.

Am being annoyed considerably by the newspapers back home in Minerva Junction. They are beginning to ask why I don't get busy with my anti-trust and tariff revision legislation. They want me to light into the railroads and back up Roosevelt. They don't seem to realize that some of my best friends here are interested in those concerns.

What would Colonel Harrison K. Bunker say if I started in to oppose those vast interests, after all the kindness he has shown me since I came to Washington? What would Senator Octopus say if I attacked certain corporations in which he



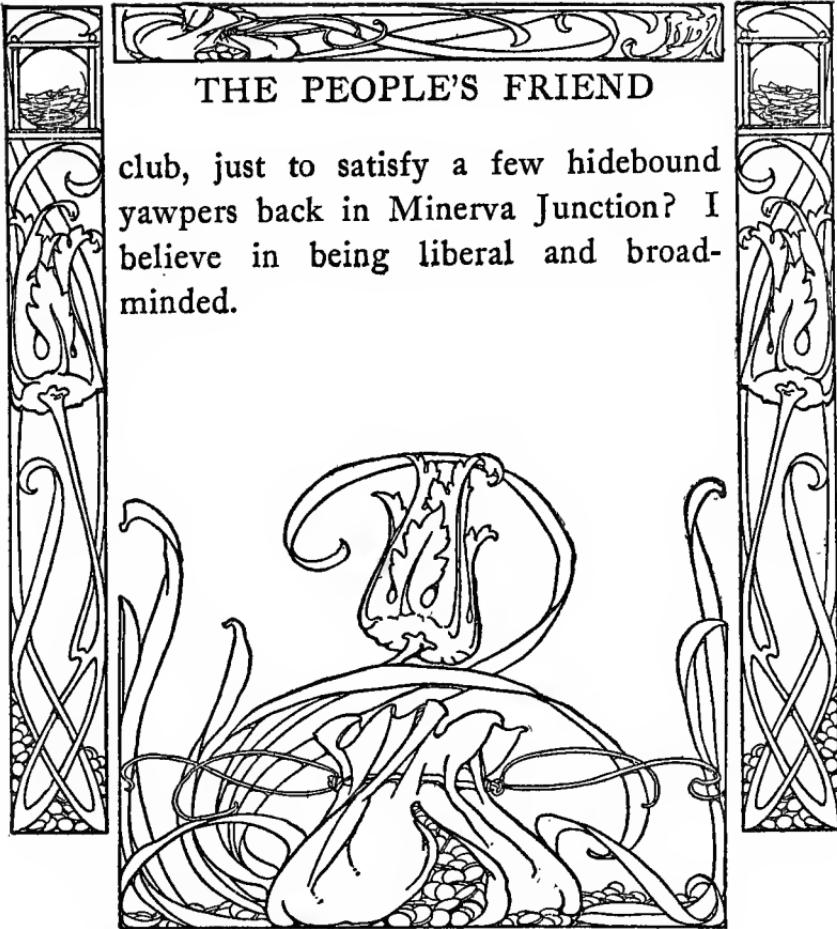
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and his friends are interested, after entertaining me and my wife at his house?

The people back home look at things in too narrow a way. They say Senator Octopus is a high-toned grafted, who has been picking Uncle Sam's pockets for twenty years in the Senate, and they stretch the English language trying to say bad enough things about him.

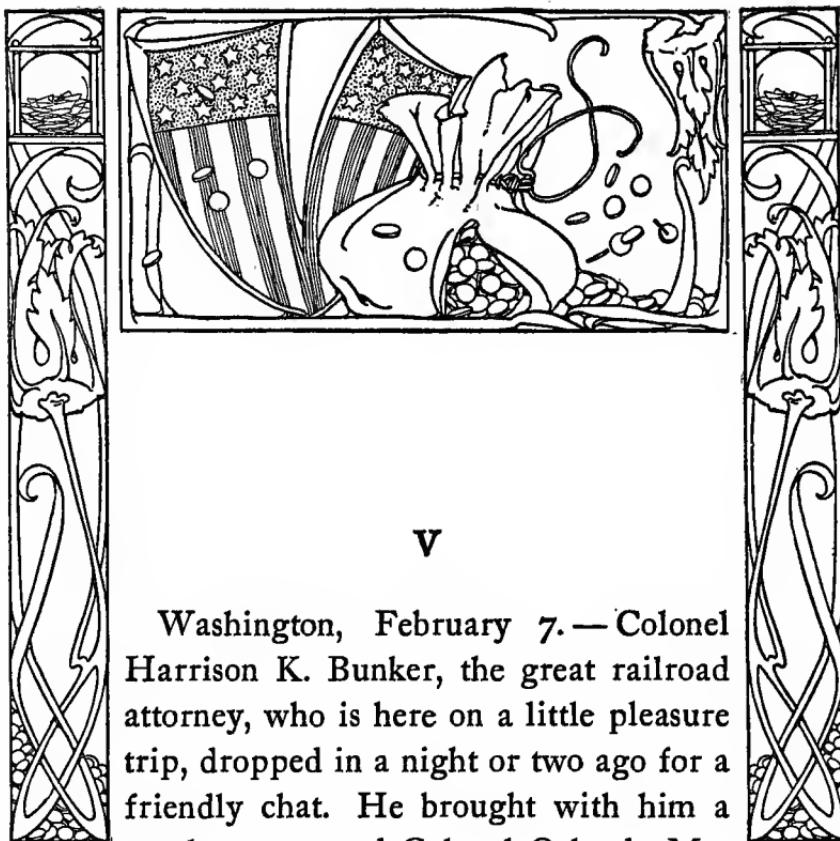
The trouble is, the folks out in the small towns are prejudiced. They can't realize that the senator is an affable, generous man, and one of the most popular men at the club. He has asked me to be a director in one of his companies.

How can I afford to offend these men who have befriended me here, these men who invite my family to their houses, these men whom I meet every day in the



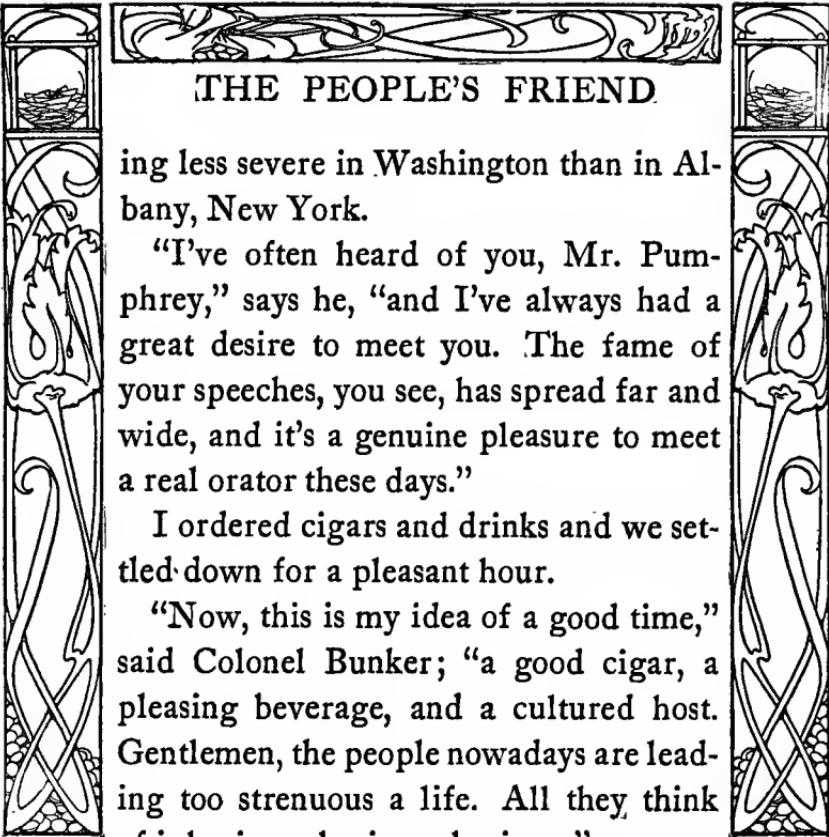
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club, just to satisfy a few hidebound yawpers back in Minerva Junction? I believe in being liberal and broad-minded.



V

Washington, February 7.—Colonel Harrison K. Bunker, the great railroad attorney, who is here on a little pleasure trip, dropped in a night or two ago for a friendly chat. He brought with him a gentleman named Colonel Orlando McNutt, the legal adviser of the National Shipbuilding Company. Colonel McNutt is here for his health, the winter be-



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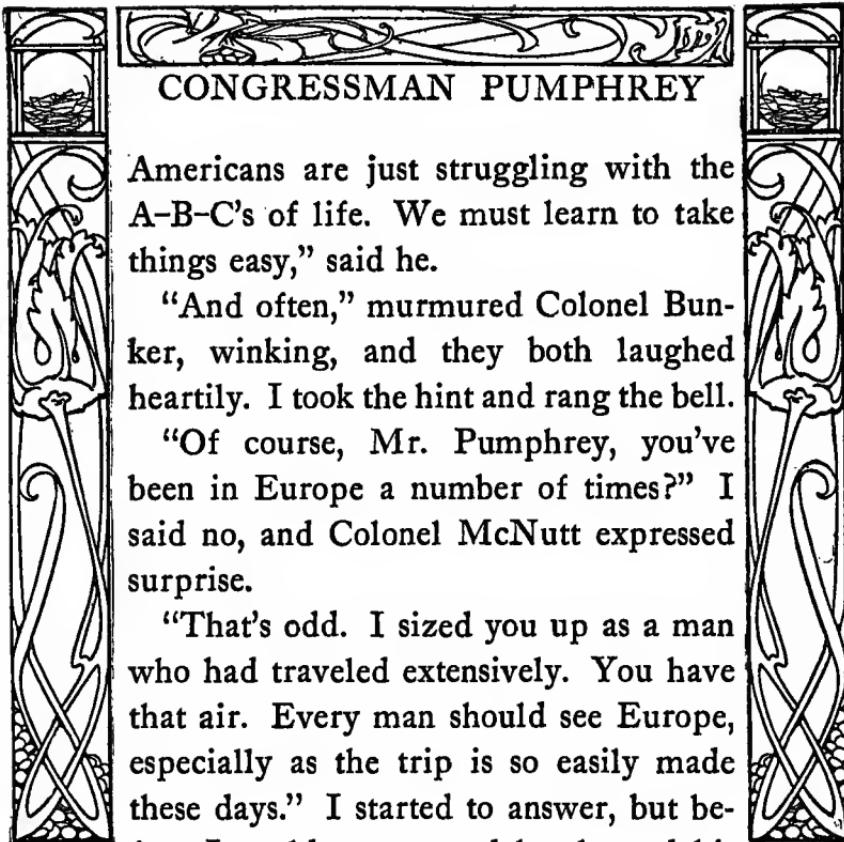
ing less severe in Washington than in Albany, New York.

"I've often heard of you, Mr. Pumphrey," says he, "and I've always had a great desire to meet you. The fame of your speeches, you see, has spread far and wide, and it's a genuine pleasure to meet a real orator these days."

I ordered cigars and drinks and we settled down for a pleasant hour.

"Now, this is my idea of a good time," said Colonel Bunker; "a good cigar, a pleasing beverage, and a cultured host. Gentlemen, the people nowadays are leading too strenuous a life. All they think of is business, business, business."

"The Europeans have learned to live, my friends," said Colonel McNutt. "They've learned the science, while the



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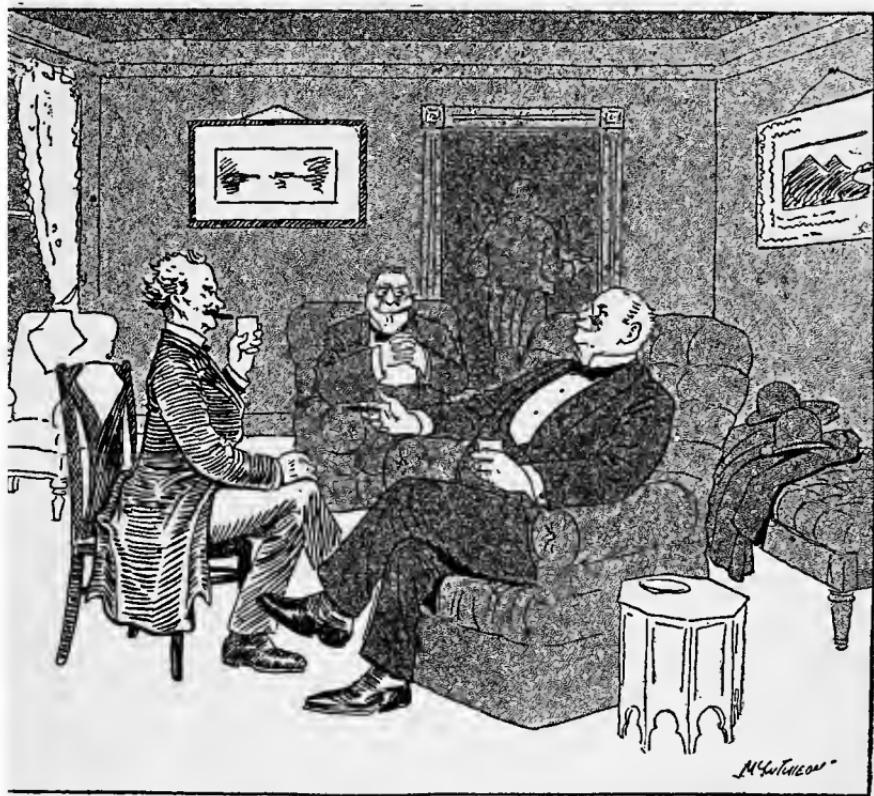
Americans are just struggling with the A-B-C's of life. We must learn to take things easy," said he.

"And often," murmured Colonel Bunker, winking, and they both laughed heartily. I took the hint and rang the bell.

"Of course, Mr. Pumphrey, you've been in Europe a number of times?" I said no, and Colonel McNutt expressed surprise.

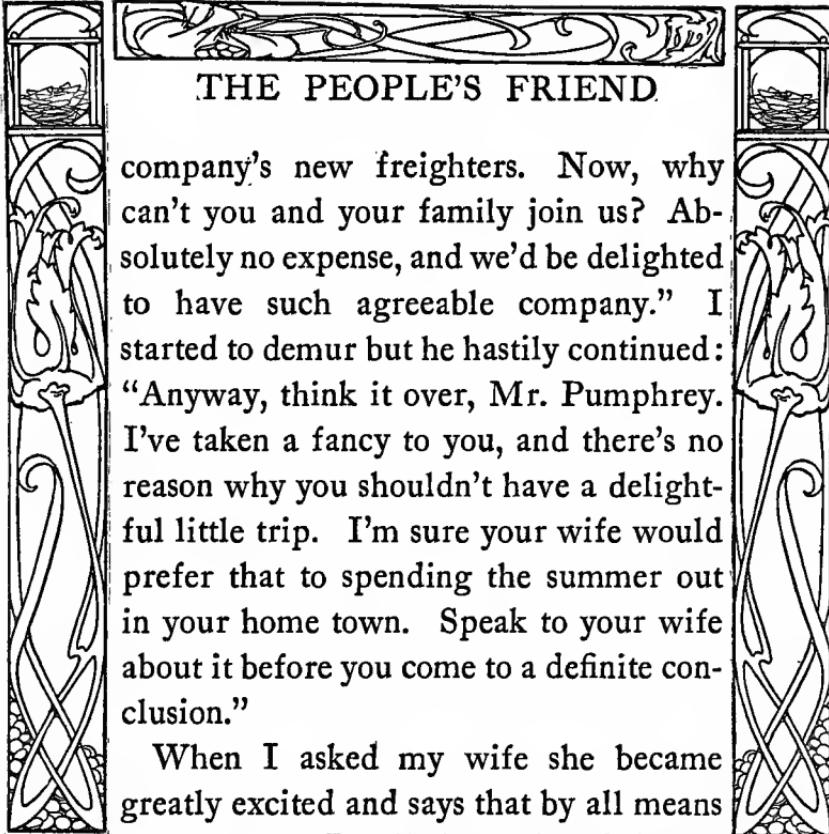
"That's odd. I sized you up as a man who had traveled extensively. You have that air. Every man should see Europe, especially as the trip is so easily made these days." I started to answer, but before I could say a word he slapped his knee and exclaimed:

"By George, I have it! My wife and I are crossing this summer on one of the



"By George, I have it! My wife and I are crossing this summer on one of the company's new freighters. Now, why can't you and your family join us?"

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company's new freighters. Now, why can't you and your family join us? Absolutely no expense, and we'd be delighted to have such agreeable company." I started to demur but he hastily continued: "Anyway, think it over, Mr. Pumphrey. I've taken a fancy to you, and there's no reason why you shouldn't have a delightful little trip. I'm sure your wife would prefer that to spending the summer out in your home town. Speak to your wife about it before you come to a definite conclusion."

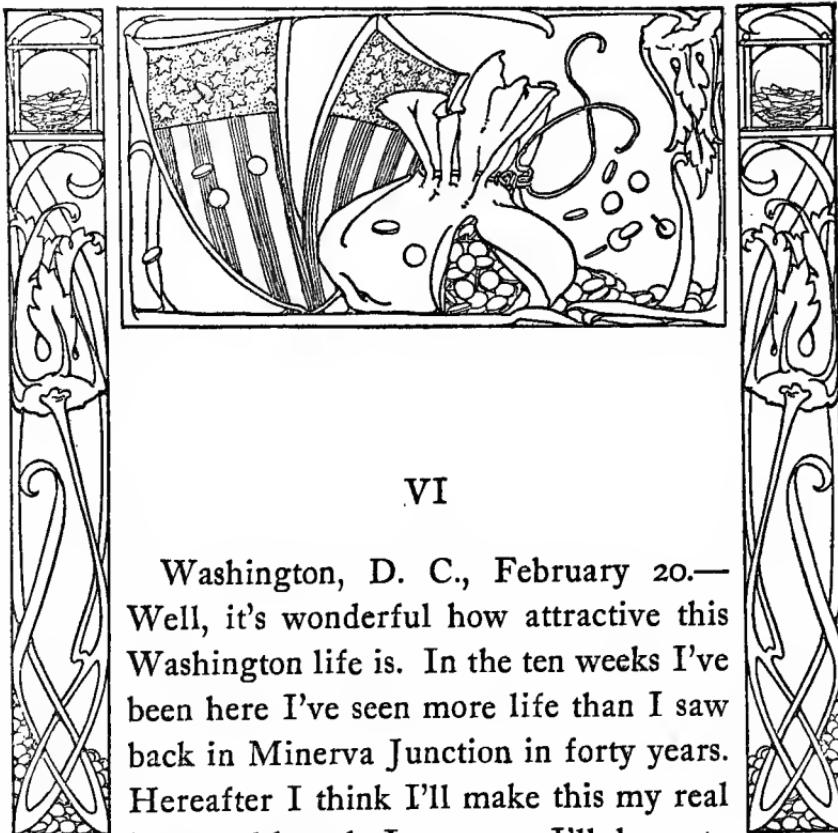
When I asked my wife she became greatly excited and says that by all means we must go. It will be such a finishing touch for our daughter's education, she says.

Things are busy in the House these

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days. The rate bill is up, and as the House is practically unanimous, I shall vote with the Roosevelt following. In a few days the ship-subsidy bill will reach the House, and a close fight is expected.

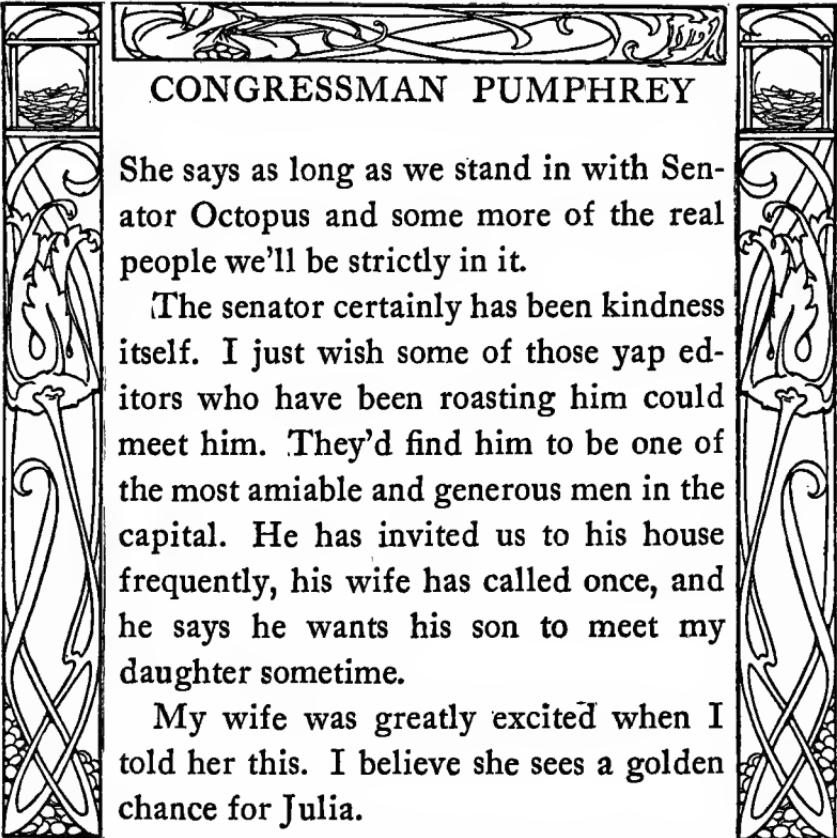




VI

Washington, D. C., February 20.— Well, it's wonderful how attractive this Washington life is. In the ten weeks I've been here I've seen more life than I saw back in Minerva Junction in forty years. Hereafter I think I'll make this my real home, although I suppose I'll have to keep up my place in the Tall Grass and spend a few weeks there every year.

My wife is charmed with Washington.



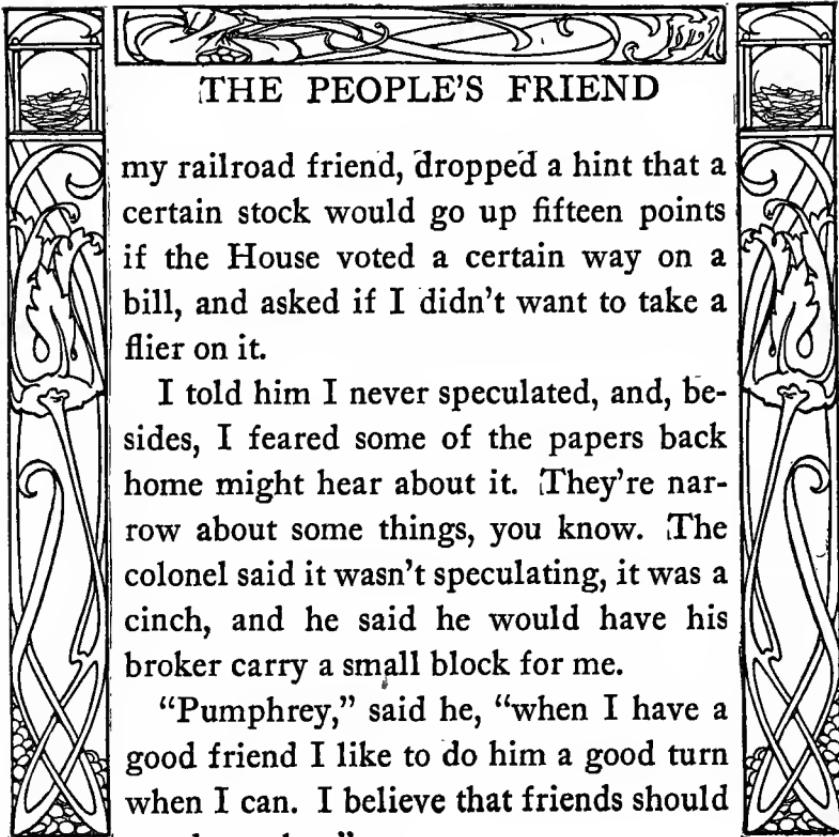
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She says as long as we stand in with Senator Octopus and some more of the real people we'll be strictly in it.

The senator certainly has been kindness itself. I just wish some of those yap editors who have been roasting him could meet him. They'd find him to be one of the most amiable and generous men in the capital. He has invited us to his house frequently, his wife has called once, and he says he wants his son to meet my daughter sometime.

My wife was greatly excited when I told her this. I believe she sees a golden chance for Julia.

It surely is wonderful how opportunities come a fellow's way here in Washington, especially if he lends a helping hand. A day or two ago Colonel Bunker,



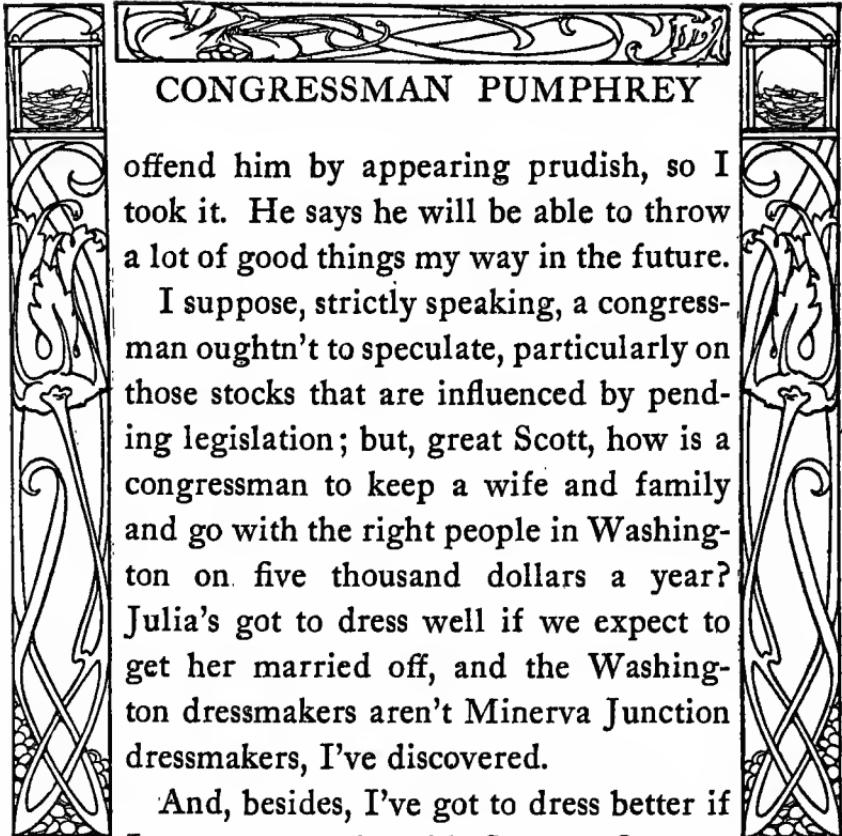
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my railroad friend, dropped a hint that a certain stock would go up fifteen points if the House voted a certain way on a bill, and asked if I didn't want to take a flier on it.

I told him I never speculated, and, besides, I feared some of the papers back home might hear about it. They're narrow about some things, you know. The colonel said it wasn't speculating, it was a cinch, and he said he would have his broker carry a small block for me.

"Pumphrey," said he, "when I have a good friend I like to do him a good turn when I can. I believe that friends should stand together."

Well, the bill passed the House by a narrow margin, and Bunker handed me eighteen hundred dollars. I didn't like to

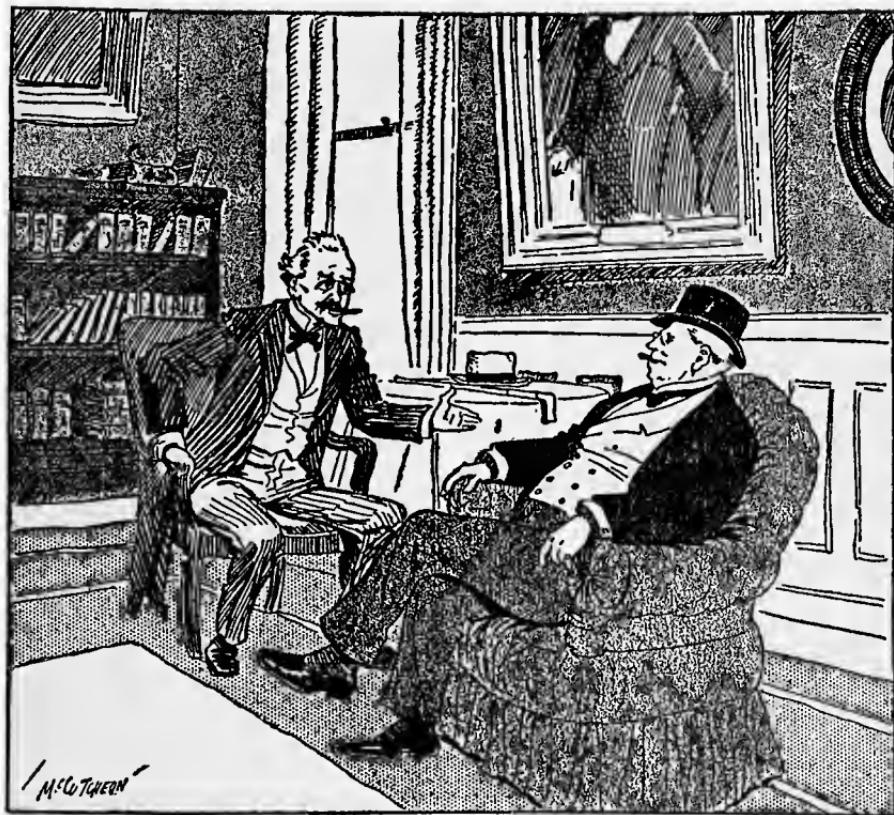


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offend him by appearing prudish, so I took it. He says he will be able to throw a lot of good things my way in the future.

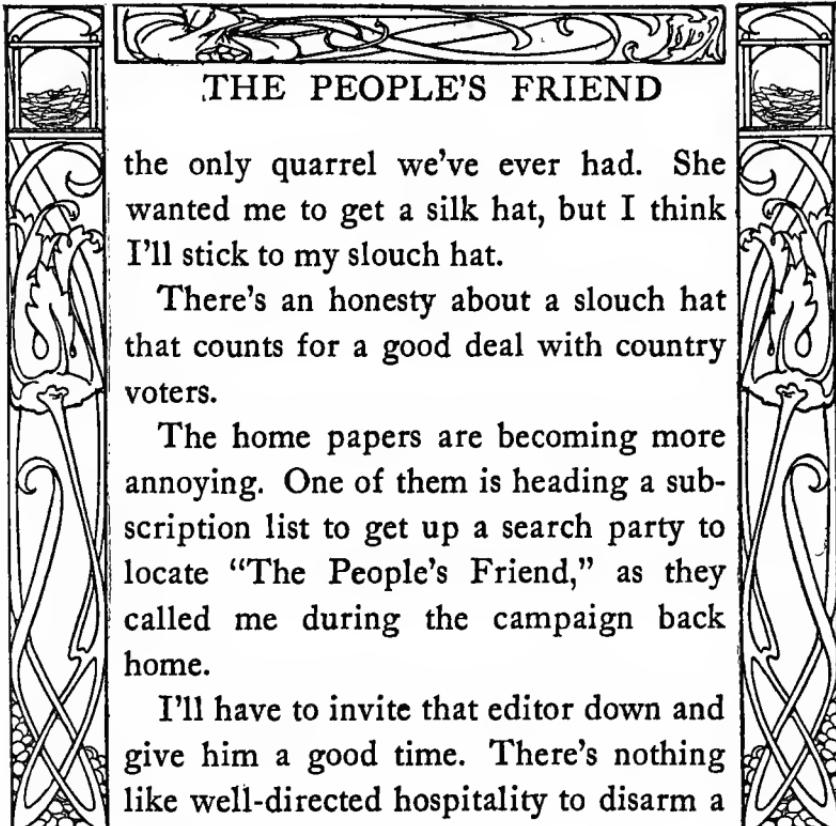
I suppose, strictly speaking, a congressman oughtn't to speculate, particularly on those stocks that are influenced by pending legislation; but, great Scott, how is a congressman to keep a wife and family and go with the right people in Washington on five thousand dollars a year? Julia's got to dress well if we expect to get her married off, and the Washington dressmakers aren't Minerva Junction dressmakers, I've discovered.

And, besides, I've got to dress better if I expect to train with Senator Octopus and men like that. I've ordered a new outfit, and had a violent argument with my wife about the silk-hat question. It's



I told him I never speculated, and, besides, I
feared some of the papers back home might hear
about it

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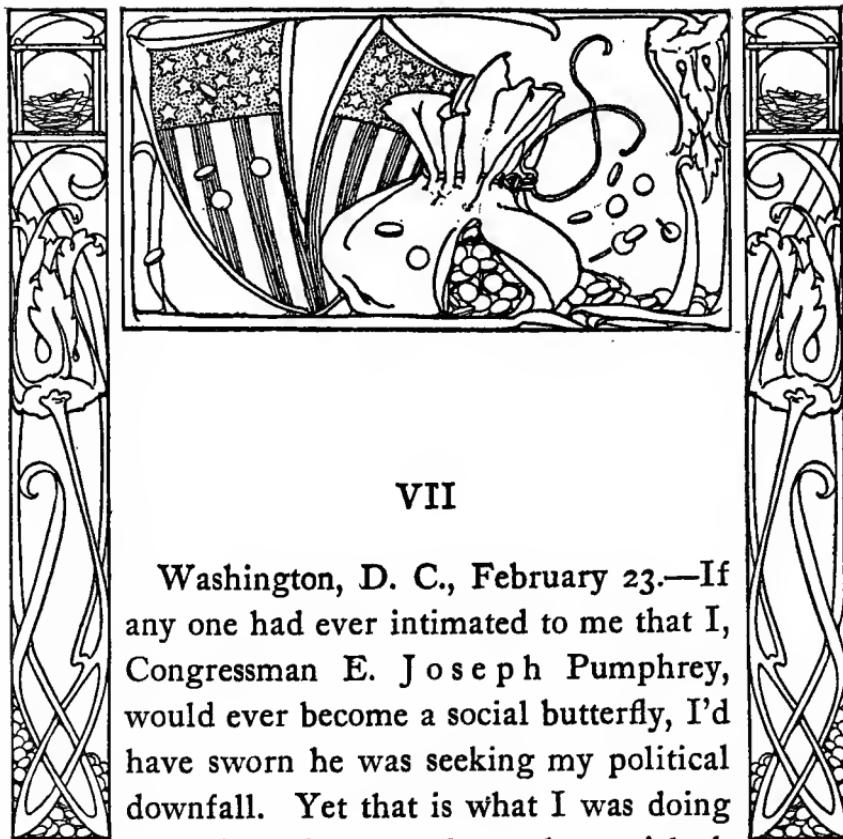
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the only quarrel we've ever had. She wanted me to get a silk hat, but I think I'll stick to my slouch hat.

There's an honesty about a slouch hat that counts for a good deal with country voters.

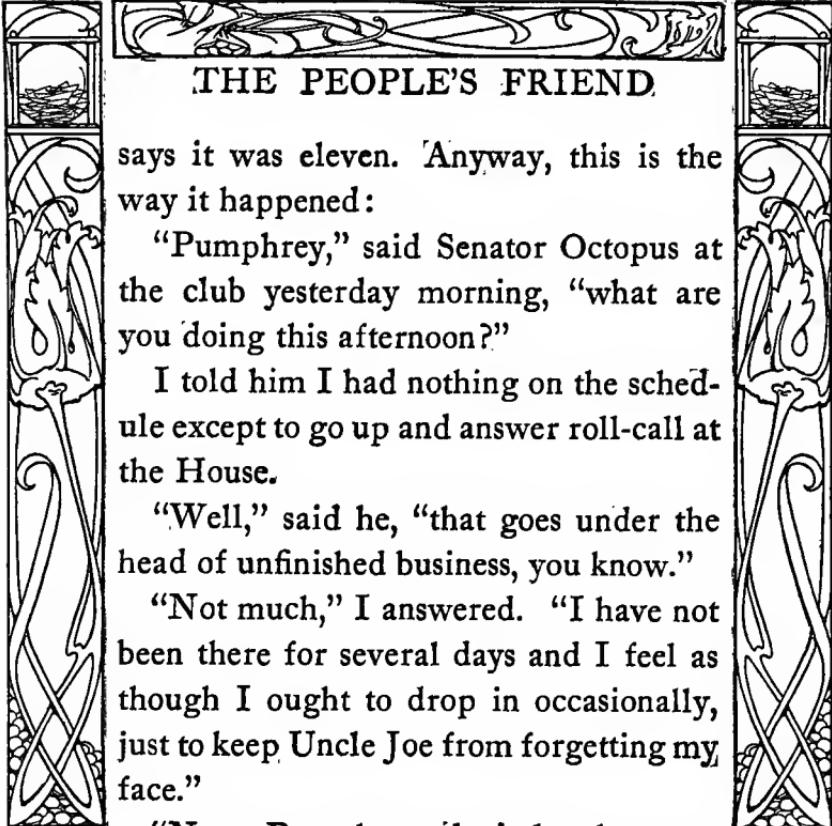
The home papers are becoming more annoying. One of them is heading a subscription list to get up a search party to locate "The People's Friend," as they called me during the campaign back home.

I'll have to invite that editor down and give him a good time. There's nothing like well-directed hospitality to disarm a critic.



VII

Washington, D. C., February 23.—If any one had ever intimated to me that I, Congressman E. Joseph Pumphrey, would ever become a social butterfly, I'd have sworn he was seeking my political downfall. Yet that is what I was doing yesterday afternoon from three o'clock until the game was called on account of darkness at about eight o'clock. Senator Octopus says it was ten. Colonel Bunker



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says it was eleven. Anyway, this is the way it happened:

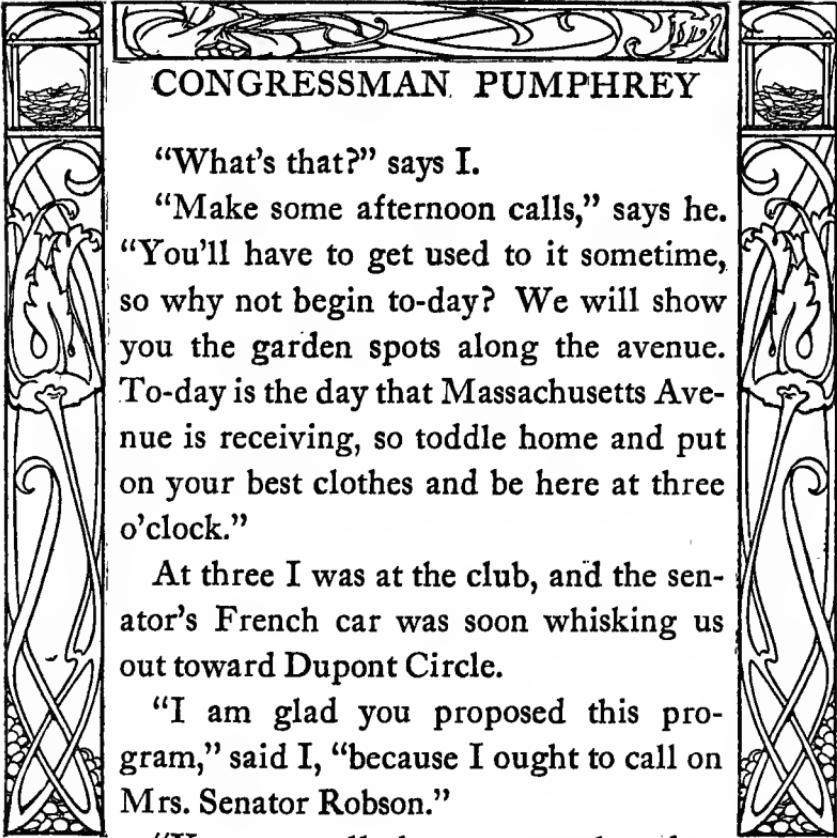
"Pumphrey," said Senator Octopus at the club yesterday morning, "what are you doing this afternoon?"

I told him I had nothing on the schedule except to go up and answer roll-call at the House.

"Well," said he, "that goes under the head of unfinished business, you know."

"Not much," I answered. "I have not been there for several days and I feel as though I ought to drop in occasionally, just to keep Uncle Joe from forgetting my face."

"Now, Pumphrey, don't let the cares of state rest too heavily on your shoulders. Come with Bunker and me and do the punch route this afternoon."



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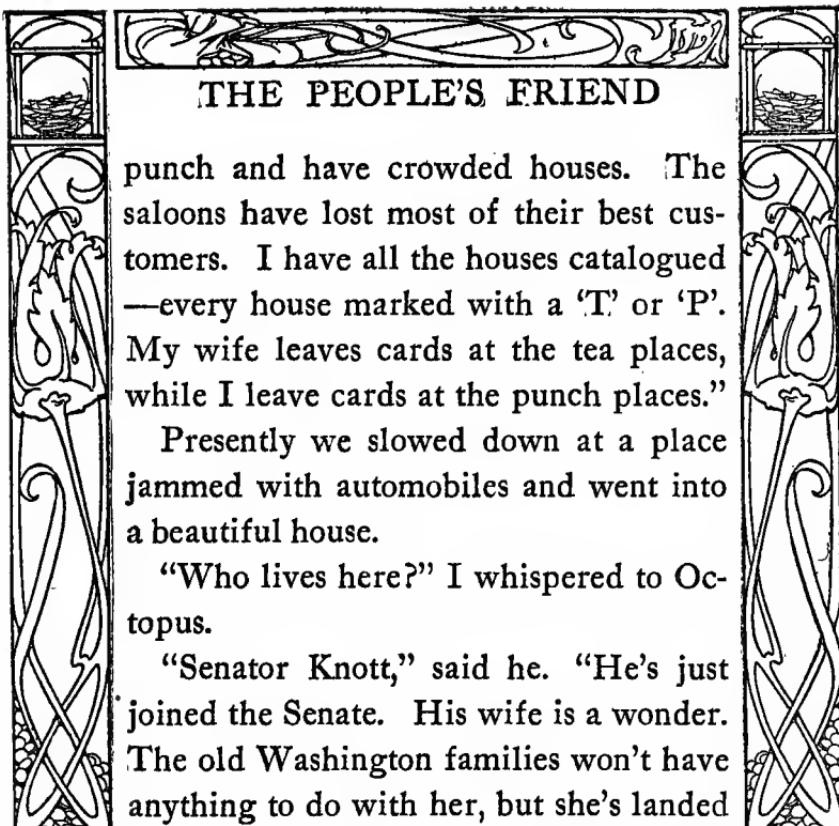
“What’s that?” says I.

“Make some afternoon calls,” says he. “You’ll have to get used to it sometime, so why not begin to-day? We will show you the garden spots along the avenue. To-day is the day that Massachusetts Avenue is receiving, so toddle home and put on your best clothes and be here at three o’clock.”

At three I was at the club, and the senator’s French car was soon whisking us out toward Dupont Circle.

“I am glad you proposed this program,” said I, “because I ought to call on Mrs. Senator Robson.”

“You can call there some other day. She only serves tea. We cut out the tea places long ago; didn’t we, Bunker? Nowadays the brightest women serve



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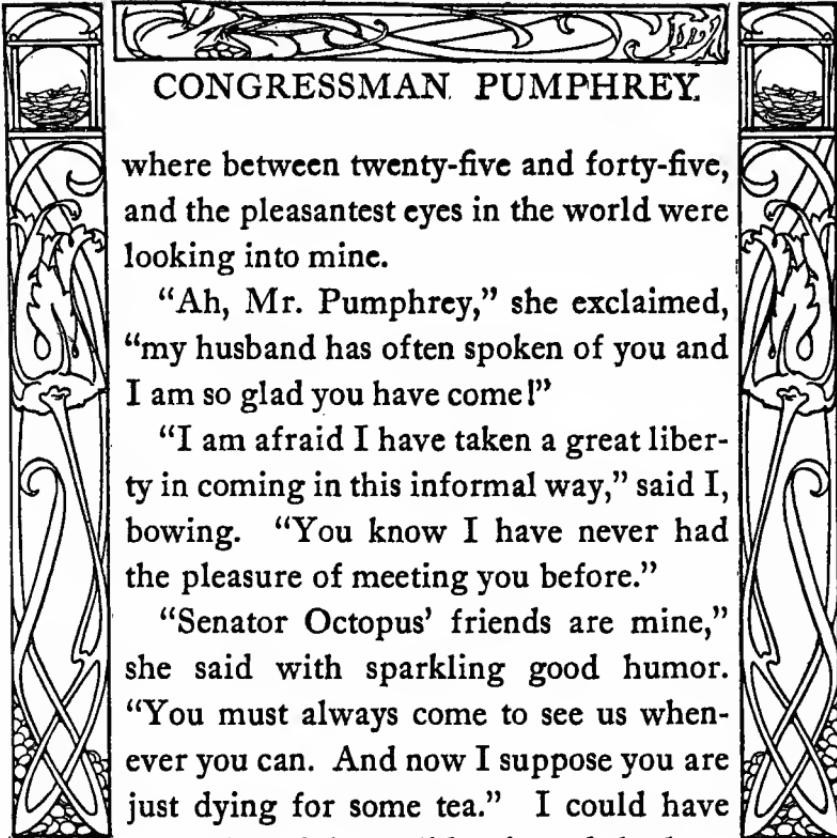
punch and have crowded houses. The saloons have lost most of their best customers. I have all the houses catalogued —every house marked with a 'T' or 'P'. My wife leaves cards at the tea places, while I leave cards at the punch places."

Presently we slowed down at a place jammed with automobiles and went into a beautiful house.

"Who lives here?" I whispered to Octopus.

"Senator Knott," said he. "He's just joined the Senate. His wife is a wonder. The old Washington families won't have anything to do with her, but she's landed all the live ones. You must cultivate her."

'A moment later I was bowing before a keen-eyed, bright-faced woman some-



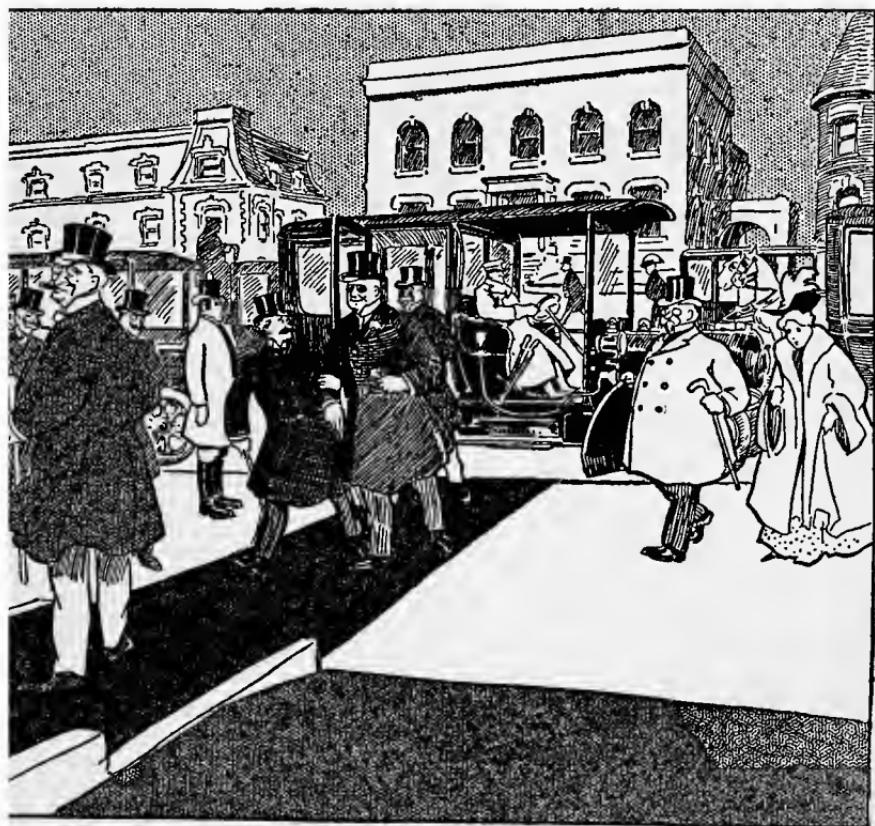
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where between twenty-five and forty-five, and the pleasantest eyes in the world were looking into mine.

"Ah, Mr. Pumphrey," she exclaimed, "my husband has often spoken of you and I am so glad you have come!"

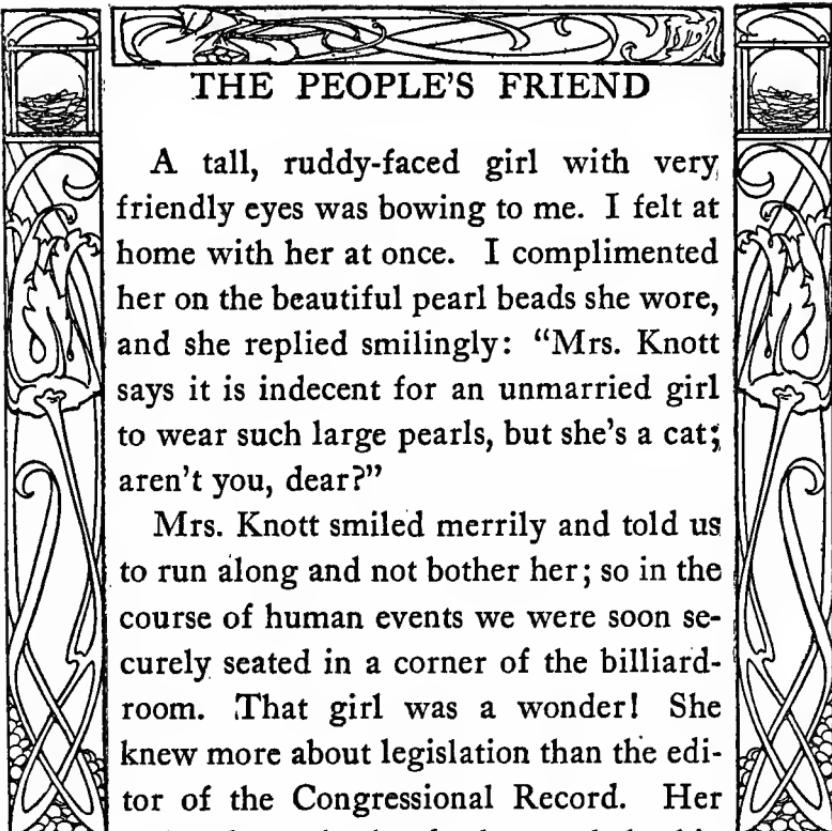
"I am afraid I have taken a great liberty in coming in this informal way," said I, bowing. "You know I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"Senator Octopus' friends are mine," she said with sparkling good humor. "You must always come to see us whenever you can. And now I suppose you are just dying for some tea." I could have sworn her right eyelid quivered the least little bit. "Here is Grace Nicholson. She will take you out to where the punch bowl and the gentlemen are."



Presently we slowed down at a place jammed with
automobiles and went into a beautiful house

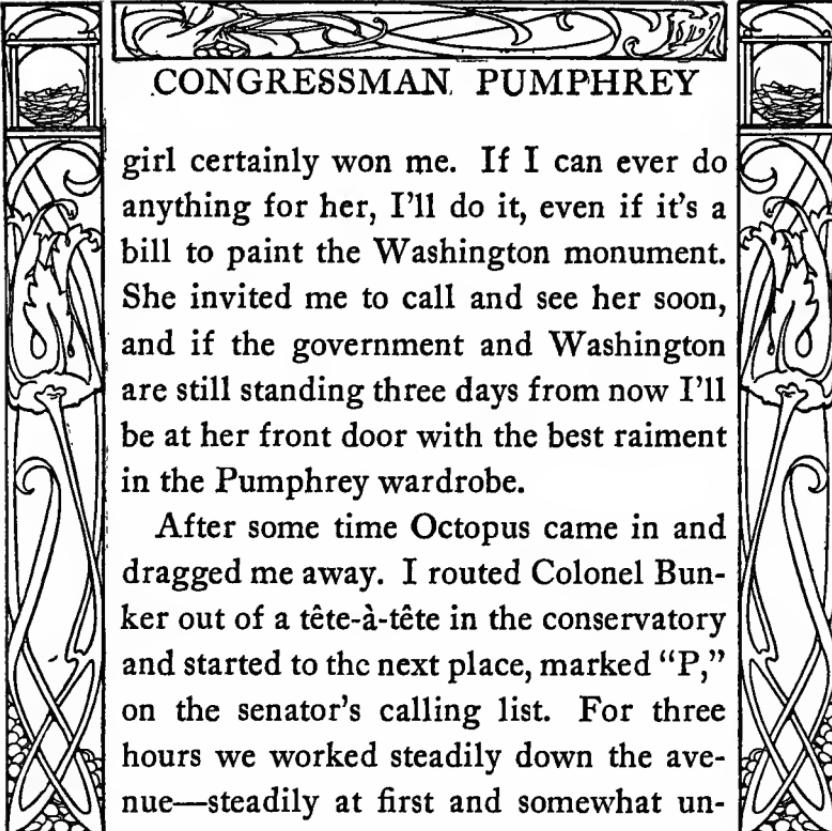
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A tall, ruddy-faced girl with very friendly eyes was bowing to me. I felt at home with her at once. I complimented her on the beautiful pearl beads she wore, and she replied smilingly: "Mrs. Knott says it is indecent for an unmarried girl to wear such large pearls, but she's a cat; aren't you, dear?"

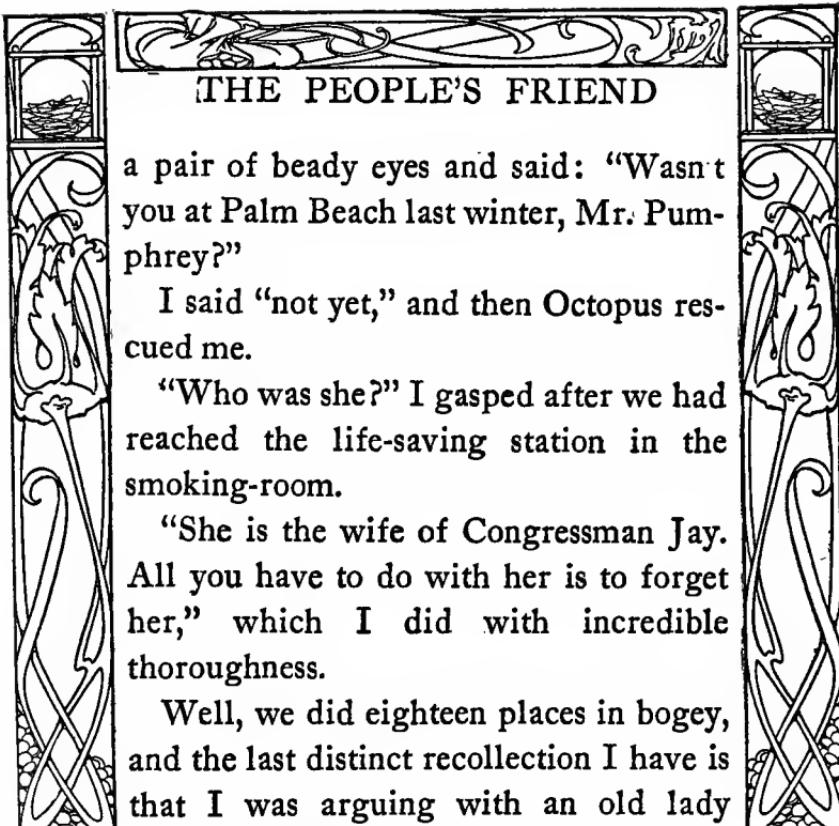
Mrs. Knott smiled merrily and told us to run along and not bother her; so in the course of human events we were soon securely seated in a corner of the billiard-room. That girl was a wonder! She knew more about legislation than the editor of the Congressional Record. Her father is at the head of one of the big protected industries. When he says grace he always puts in a special plea that the tariff may not be disturbed. Well, that



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girl certainly won me. If I can ever do anything for her, I'll do it, even if it's a bill to paint the Washington monument. She invited me to call and see her soon, and if the government and Washington are still standing three days from now I'll be at her front door with the best raiment in the Pumphrey wardrobe.

After some time Octopus came in and dragged me away. I routed Colonel Bunker out of a tête-à-tête in the conservatory and started to the next place, marked "P," on the senator's calling list. For three hours we worked steadily down the avenue—steadily at first and somewhat unsteadily at the end. At one place I met a large woman incrusted in Irish lace and dripping with pearls, and the only thing I remember was when she fixed me with



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a pair of beady eyes and said: "Wasn't you at Palm Beach last winter, Mr. Pumphrey?"

I said "not yet," and then Octopus rescued me.

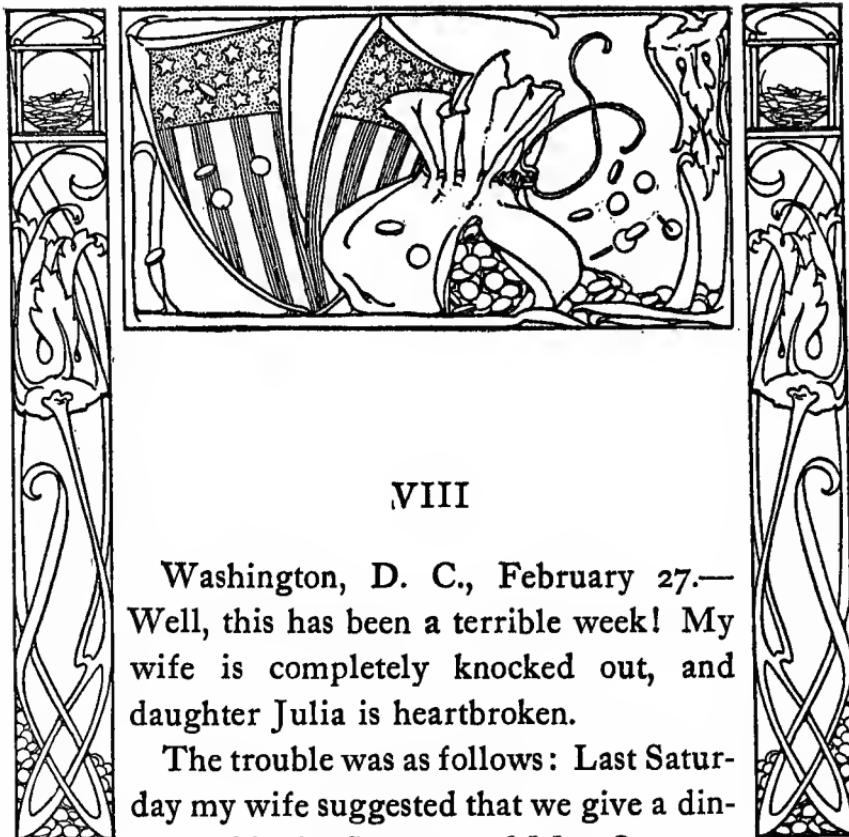
"Who was she?" I gasped after we had reached the life-saving station in the smoking-room.

"She is the wife of Congressman Jay. All you have to do with her is to forget her," which I did with incredible thoroughness.

Well, we did eighteen places in bogey, and the last distinct recollection I have is that I was arguing with an old lady about the height of the Washington monument.

• • • •

It was a great day.



VIII

Washington, D. C., February 27.— Well, this has been a terrible week! My wife is completely knocked out, and daughter Julia is heartbroken.

The trouble was as follows: Last Saturday my wife suggested that we give a dinner and invite Senator and Mrs. Octopus, Colonel and Mrs. Bunker, and three or four others.

“It will be a good time to invite Sena-

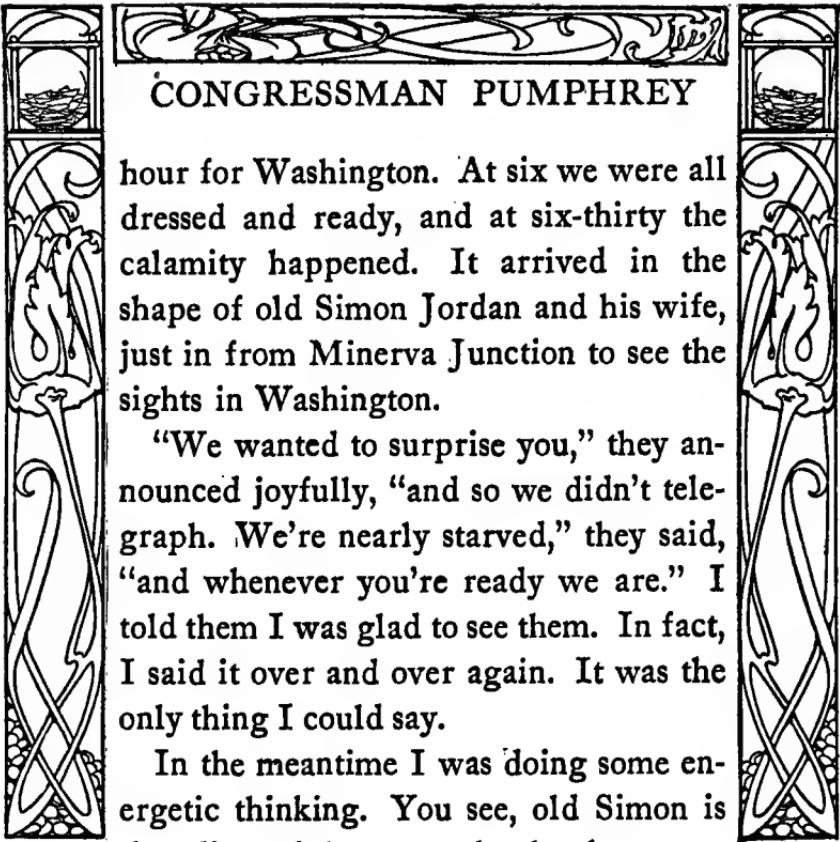


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tor Octopus' son," said she, "so that Julia can meet him." Of course I O. K.'d the project, and after some correspondence, the guests all accepted.

My wife was eager to make quite an impression on such a distinguished company, and we laid ourselves out to dazzle them. We arranged for a private dining-room at the family hotel, where we live, and had Louey fill it full of flowers and American flags. We got several statues from the hotel office and put neat name-cards, with hand-painted flowers on them, at each plate. Little red, white and blue electric bulbs imparted quite an oriental effect to the room.

'At eight o'clock the guests were to arrive. It seemed kind of late to start a dinner, but Louey said that was the proper



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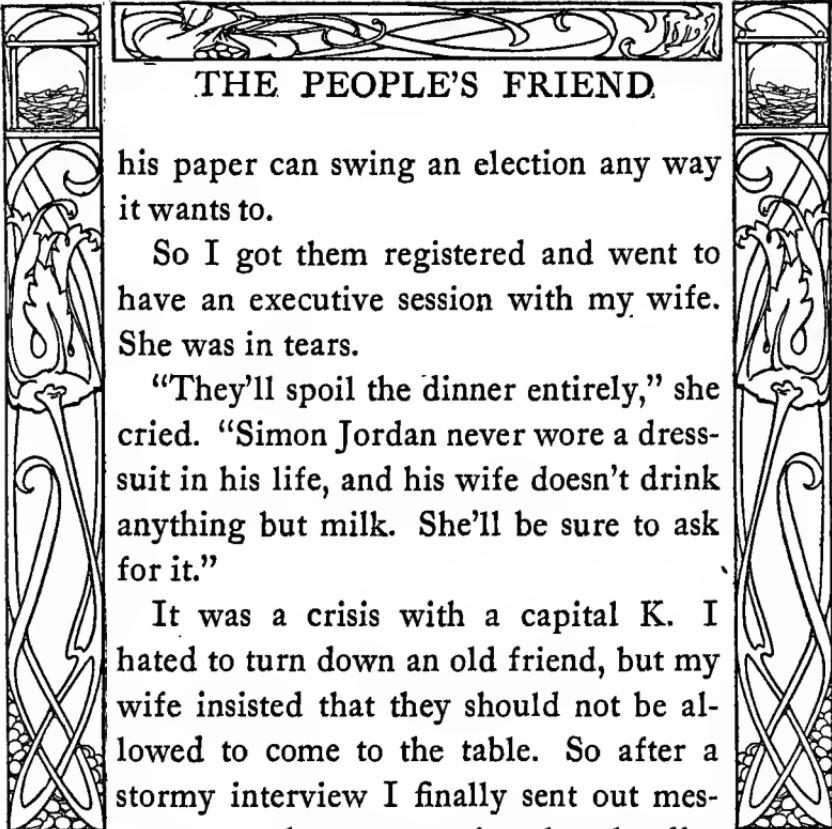
hour for Washington. At six we were all dressed and ready, and at six-thirty the calamity happened. It arrived in the shape of old Simon Jordan and his wife, just in from Minerva Junction to see the sights in Washington.

“We wanted to surprise you,” they announced joyfully, “and so we didn’t telegraph. We’re nearly starved,” they said, “and whenever you’re ready we are.” I told them I was glad to see them. In fact, I said it over and over again. It was the only thing I could say.

In the meantime I was doing some energetic thinking. You see, old Simon is the editor of the paper that has been supporting me for years. He is the original Pumphrey man. He’s the strongest friend I have in Minerva Junction, and



At six-thirty the calamity happened. It arrived in the shape of old Simon Jordan and his wife, just in from Minerva Junction to see the sights in Wash-



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his paper can swing an election any way it wants to.

So I got them registered and went to have an executive session with my wife. She was in tears.

"They'll spoil the dinner entirely," she cried. "Simon Jordan never wore a dress-suit in his life, and his wife doesn't drink anything but milk. She'll be sure to ask for it."

It was a crisis with a capital K. I hated to turn down an old friend, but my wife insisted that they should not be allowed to come to the table. So after a stormy interview I finally sent out messengers to the guests saying that the dinner was called off on account of illness in the family.

If Simon Jordan finds it out I'll not get

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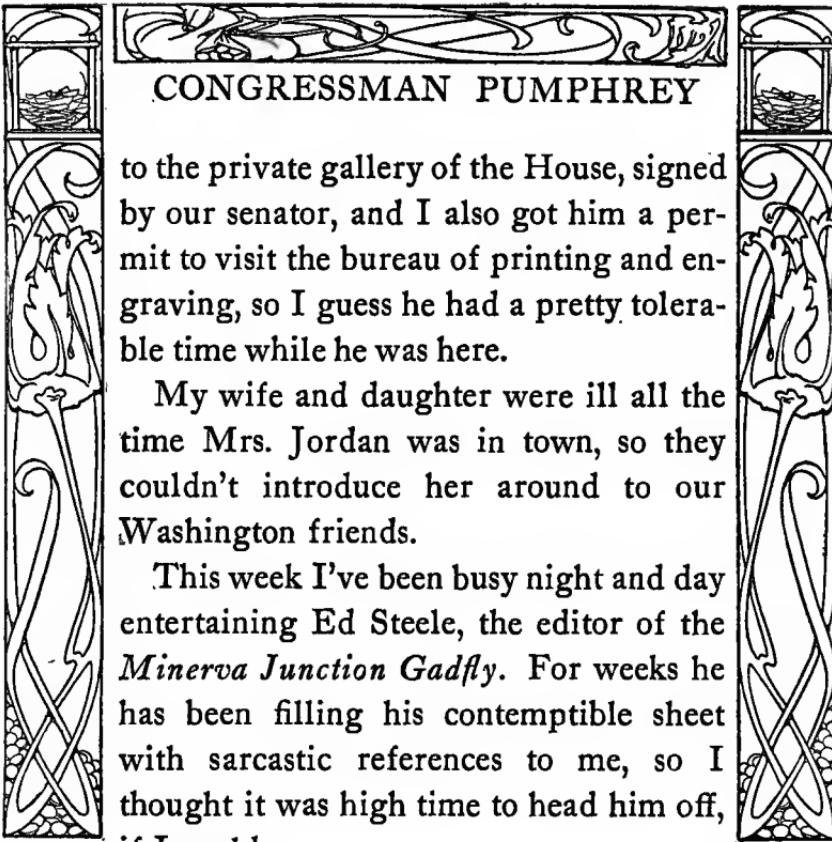
eight votes at the next election. I'd rather have a drove of panthers after me than old Simon when he's mad. This social life is wearing.



IX

Washington, D. C., March 18.—Well, old Simon Jordan and his wife have left.

I'm sorry I couldn't find time to entertain them more, for Simon is the man who did more to elect me to Congress than anybody. But I've been so busy that I couldn't give the time to him, and, besides, he's such a good friend that I am sure of his support in spite of a little lack of attention. Of course, I got him tickets



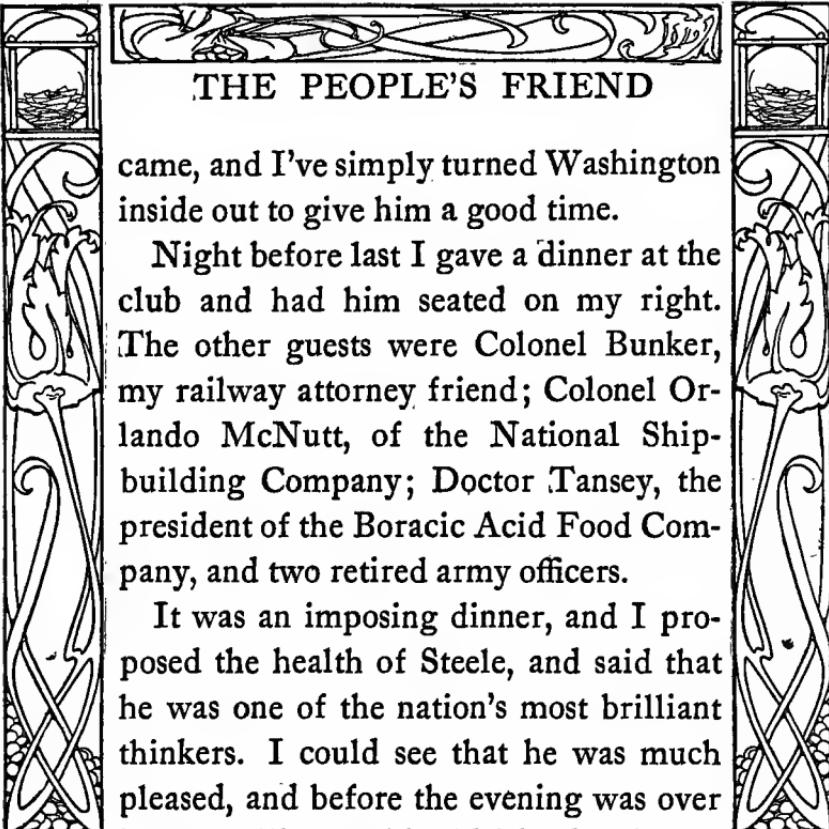
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to the private gallery of the House, signed by our senator, and I also got him a permit to visit the bureau of printing and engraving, so I guess he had a pretty tolerable time while he was here.

My wife and daughter were ill all the time Mrs. Jordan was in town, so they couldn't introduce her around to our Washington friends.

This week I've been busy night and day entertaining Ed Steele, the editor of the *Minerva Junction Gadfly*. For weeks he has been filling his contemptible sheet with sarcastic references to me, so I thought it was high time to head him off, if I could.

I asked him to come down to Washington to talk it over, and Colonel Bunker fixed up the transportation for him. He



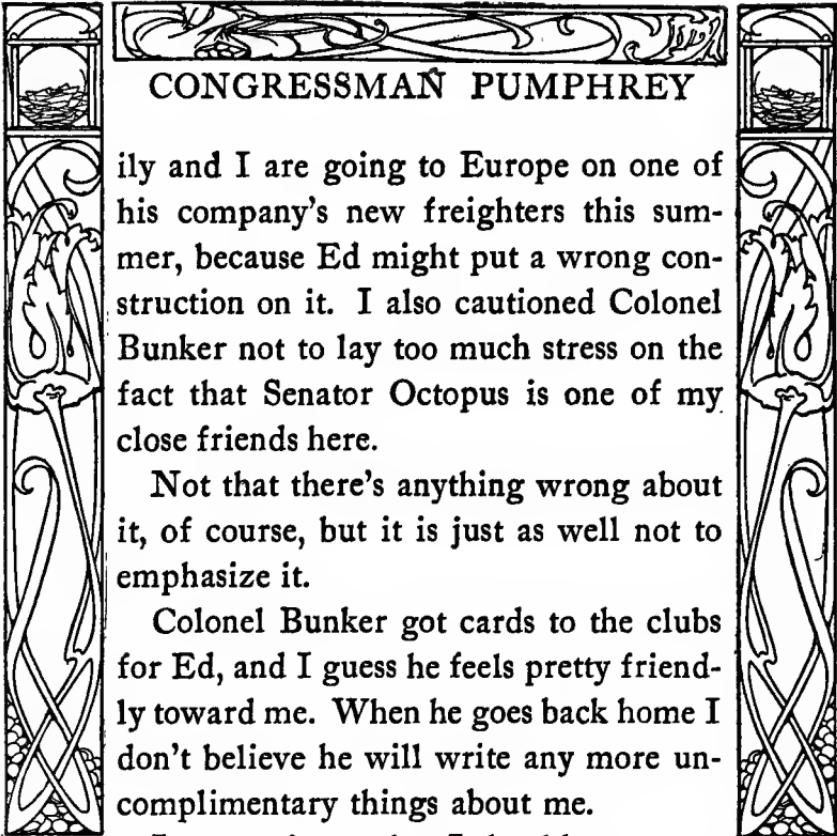
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came, and I've simply turned Washington inside out to give him a good time.

Night before last I gave a dinner at the club and had him seated on my right. The other guests were Colonel Bunker, my railway attorney friend; Colonel Orlando McNutt, of the National Shipbuilding Company; Doctor Tansey, the president of the Boracic Acid Food Company, and two retired army officers.

It was an imposing dinner, and I proposed the health of Steele, and said that he was one of the nation's most brilliant thinkers. I could see that he was much pleased, and before the evening was over he was calling me his old friend and comrade.

Of course, I cautioned Colonel McNutt not to mention the fact that my fam-



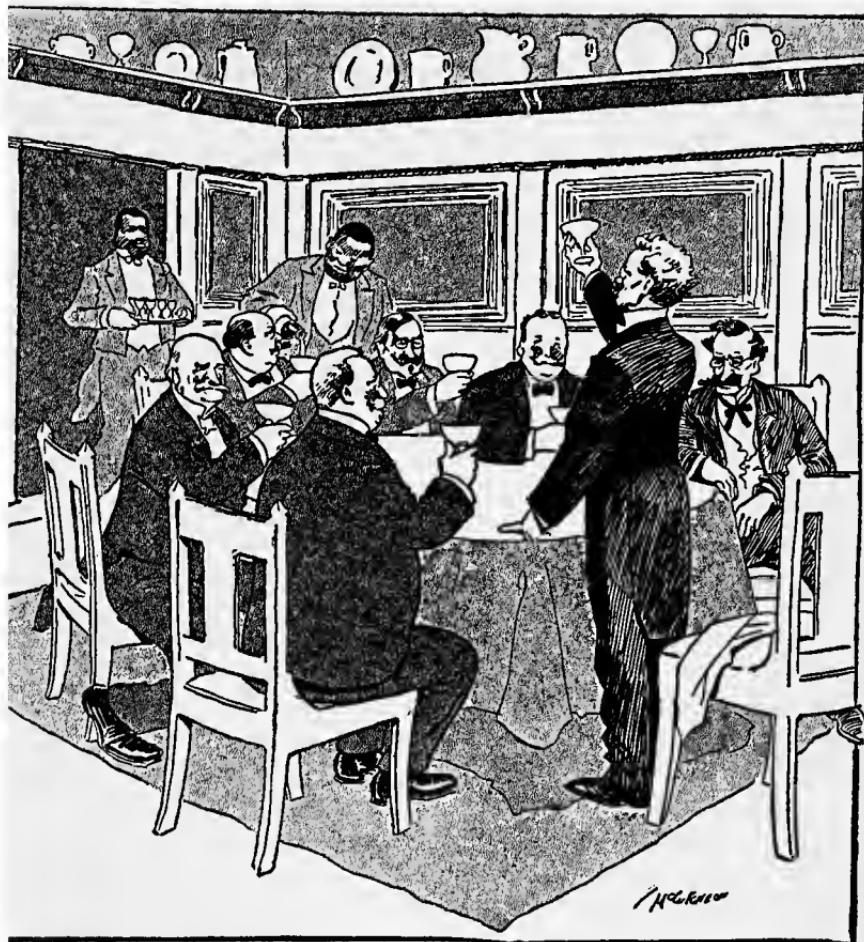
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ily and I are going to Europe on one of his company's new freighters this summer, because Ed might put a wrong construction on it. I also cautioned Colonel Bunker not to lay too much stress on the fact that Senator Octopus is one of my close friends here.

Not that there's anything wrong about it, of course, but it is just as well not to emphasize it.

Colonel Bunker got cards to the clubs for Ed, and I guess he feels pretty friendly toward me. When he goes back home I don't believe he will write any more uncomplimentary things about me.

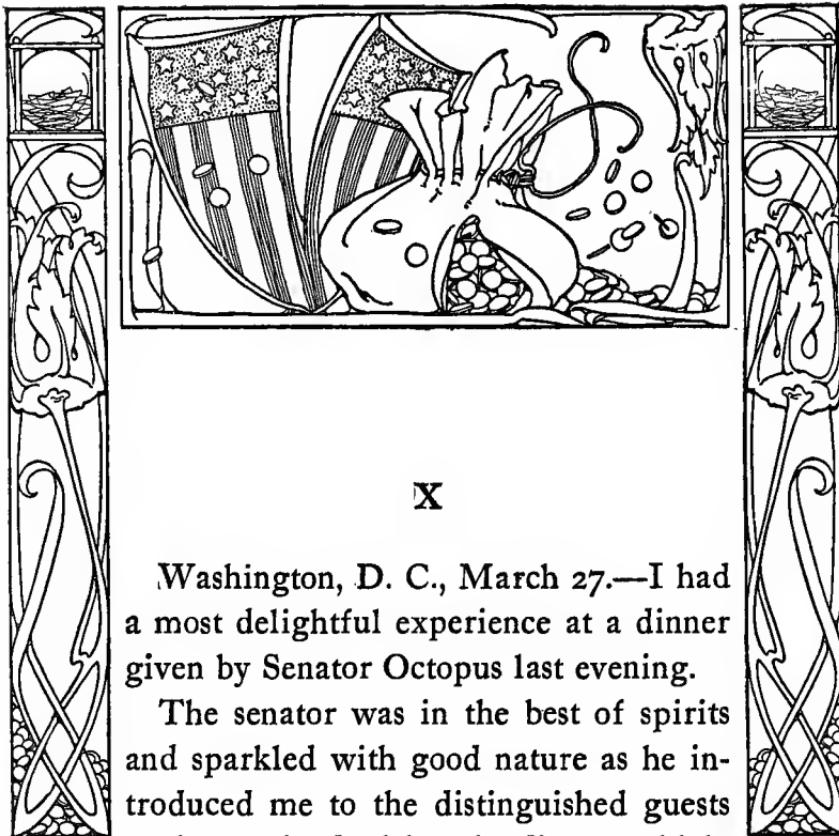
It seems funny that I should exert myself so much to entertain Steele, and yet be too busy to entertain a lifelong friend like Simon Jordan. But that's politics.



It was an imposing dinner, and I proposed the health of Steele, and said that he was one of the na-

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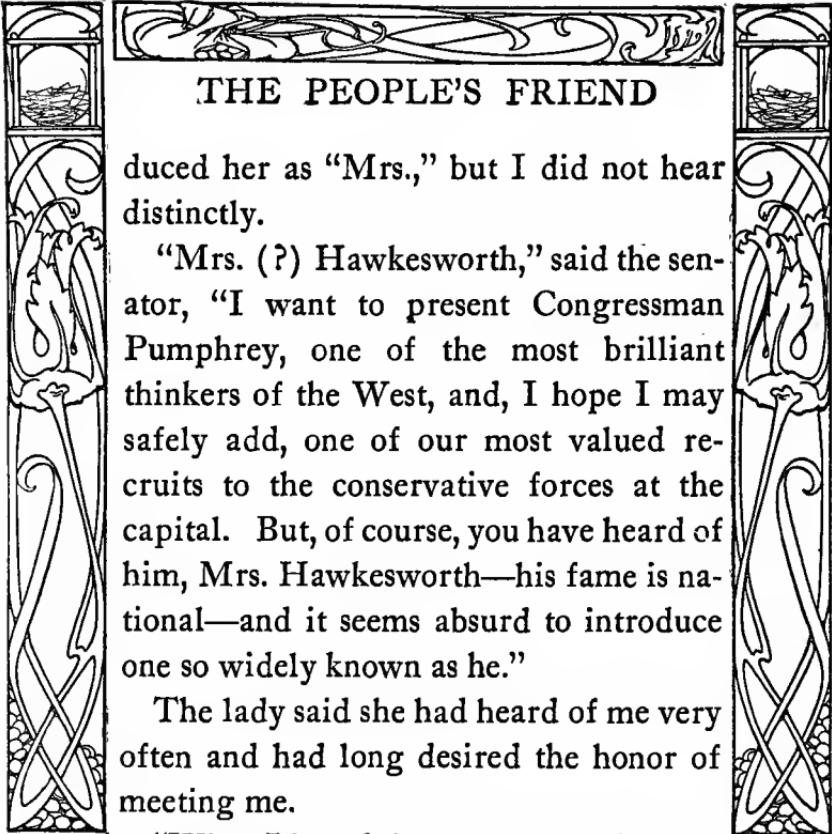
We treat those we fear better than we treat those we love. It's the gun that's turned against you that needs to be spiked, and not the one that's with you.



X

Washington, D. C., March 27.—I had a most delightful experience at a dinner given by Senator Octopus last evening.

The senator was in the best of spirits and sparkled with good nature as he introduced me to the distinguished guests as they arrived. After the dinner, which, by the way, was a splendid meal, the senator presented me to a handsome lady, whom I had not yet met. I think he intro-



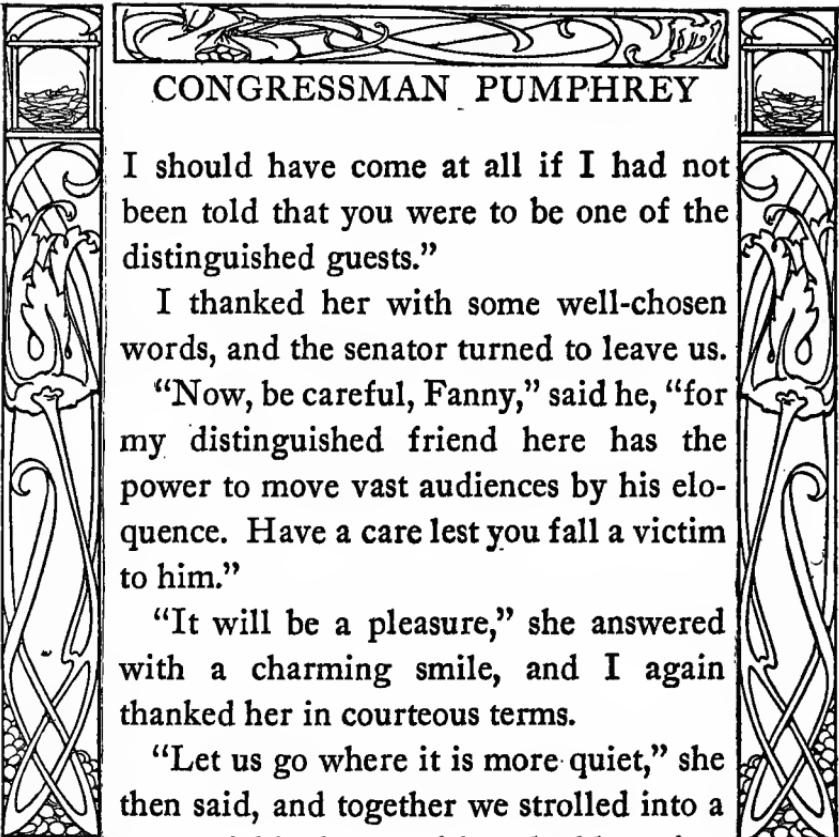
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duced her as "Mrs.," but I did not hear distinctly.

"Mrs. (?) Hawkesworth," said the senator, "I want to present Congressman Pumphrey, one of the most brilliant thinkers of the West, and, I hope I may safely add, one of our most valued recruits to the conservative forces at the capital. But, of course, you have heard of him, Mrs. Hawkesworth—his fame is national—and it seems absurd to introduce one so widely known as he."

The lady said she had heard of me very often and had long desired the honor of meeting me.

"When I heard that you were to be here to-night, Congressman, I was more than eager to come. In fact, I have had such a headache all day that I doubt whether



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I should have come at all if I had not been told that you were to be one of the distinguished guests."

I thanked her with some well-chosen words, and the senator turned to leave us.

"Now, be careful, Fanny," said he, "for my distinguished friend here has the power to move vast audiences by his eloquence. Have a care lest you fall a victim to him."

"It will be a pleasure," she answered with a charming smile, and I again thanked her in courteous terms.

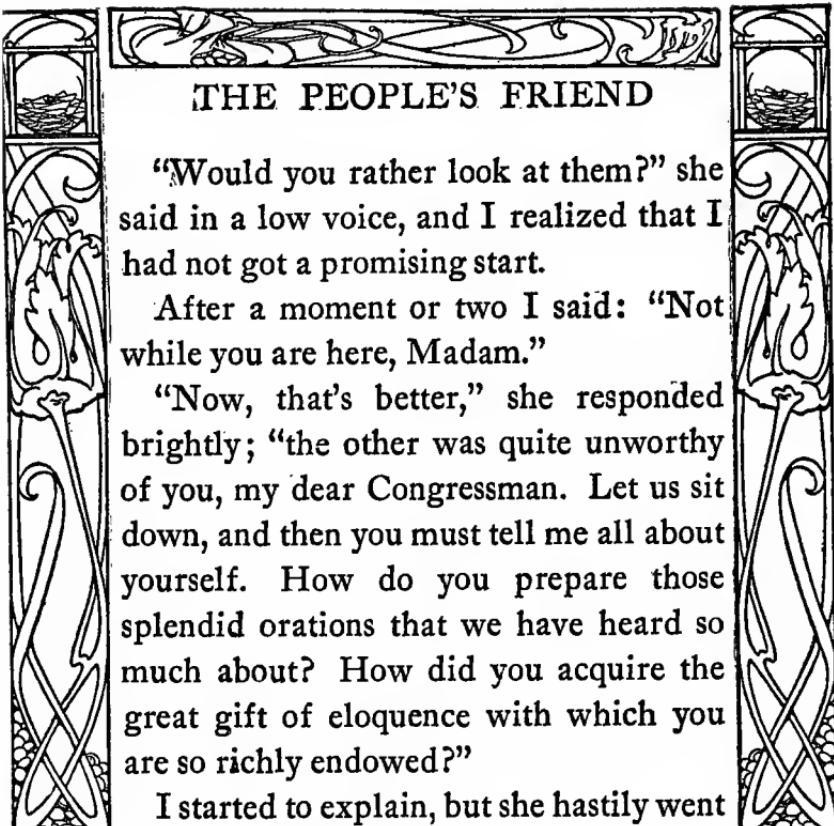
"Let us go where it is more quiet," she then said, and together we strolled into a room richly hung with valuable paintings.

"Shall we look at the pictures?" I asked politely.



Together we strolled into a room richly hung
with valuable paintings.

“Shall we look at the pictures?” I said politely.



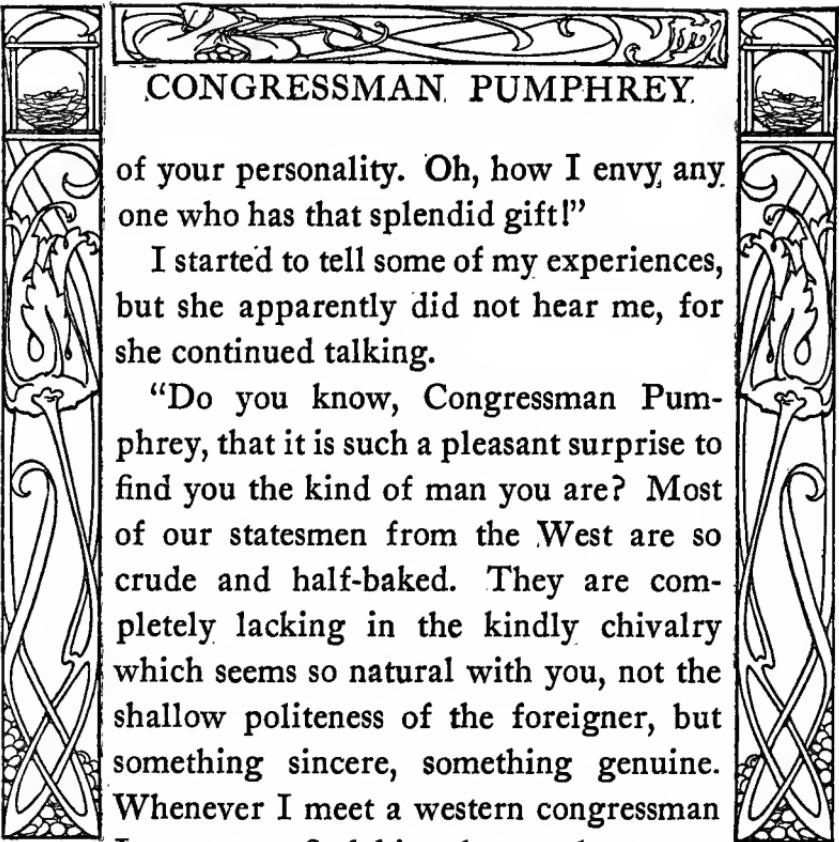
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"Would you rather look at them?" she said in a low voice, and I realized that I had not got a promising start.

After a moment or two I said: "Not while you are here, Madam."

"Now, that's better," she responded brightly; "the other was quite unworthy of you, my dear Congressman. Let us sit down, and then you must tell me all about yourself. How do you prepare those splendid orations that we have heard so much about? How did you acquire the great gift of eloquence with which you are so richly endowed?"

I started to explain, but she hastily went on: "It must be wonderful to rise before a vast audience and feel the sudden, breathless hush, and then to sway them back and forth by the tremendous force

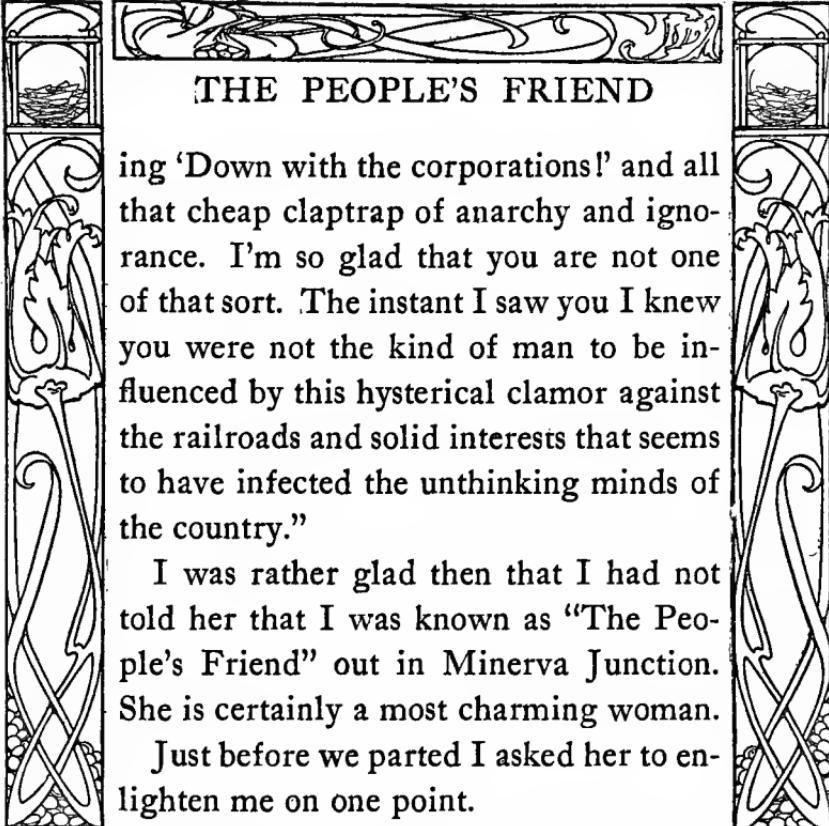


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of your personality. Oh, how I envy any one who has that splendid gift!"

I started to tell some of my experiences, but she apparently did not hear me, for she continued talking.

"Do you know, Congressman Pumphrey, that it is such a pleasant surprise to find you the kind of man you are? Most of our statesmen from the West are so crude and half-baked. They are completely lacking in the kindly chivalry which seems so natural with you, not the shallow politeness of the foreigner, but something sincere, something genuine. Whenever I meet a western congressman I expect to find him the usual narrow-minded—how shall I say it?—grandstand player, for ever prating about the rights of the people, waving the flag, cry-



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ing 'Down with the corporations!' and all that cheap claptrap of anarchy and ignorance. I'm so glad that you are not one of that sort. The instant I saw you I knew you were not the kind of man to be influenced by this hysterical clamor against the railroads and solid interests that seems to have infected the unthinking minds of the country."

I was rather glad then that I had not told her that I was known as "The People's Friend" out in Minerva Junction. She is certainly a most charming woman.

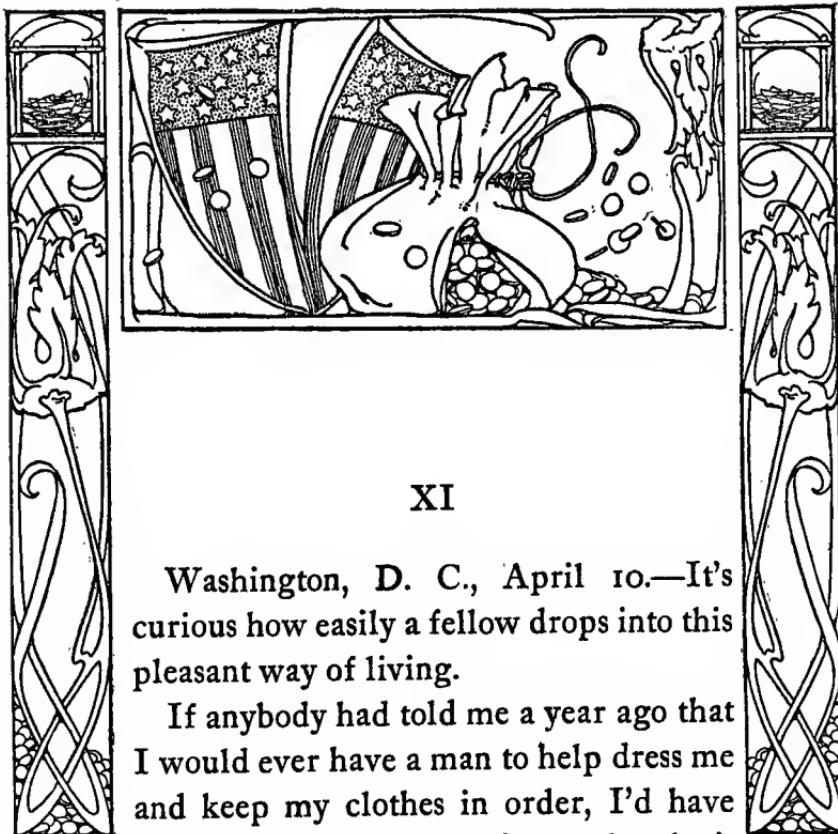
Just before we parted I asked her to enlighten me on one point.

"Excuse me, Madam," I said, "when the senator introduced you I didn't catch whether you are a widow, a Mrs., or a Miss."

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"That is for you to find out," she said laughingly, "and you may come for your first lesson to-morrow, at five, at my house."

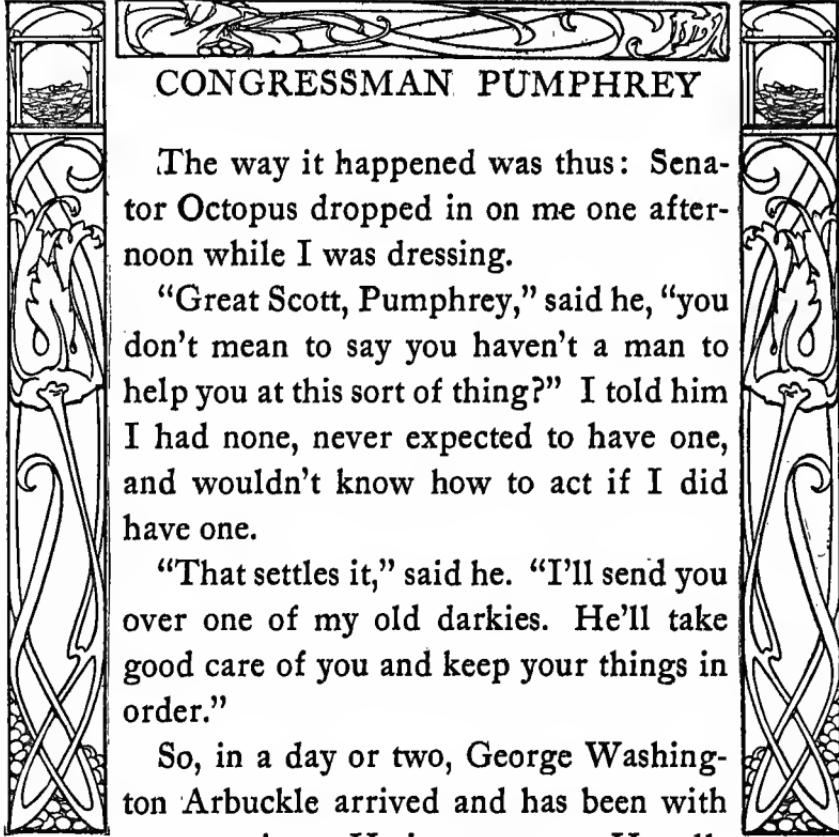
I asked the senator about her, and he told me she was a widow with some very valuable timber concessions in New Mexico and Arizona. When I got home my wife and daughter had just returned from their bridge class.



XI

Washington, D. C., April 10.—It's curious how easily a fellow drops into this pleasant way of living.

If anybody had told me a year ago that I would ever have a man to help dress me and keep my clothes in order, I'd have laughed at him. But that's exactly what's happening regularly, three times a day, and I don't see how I ever got along without one all these years.



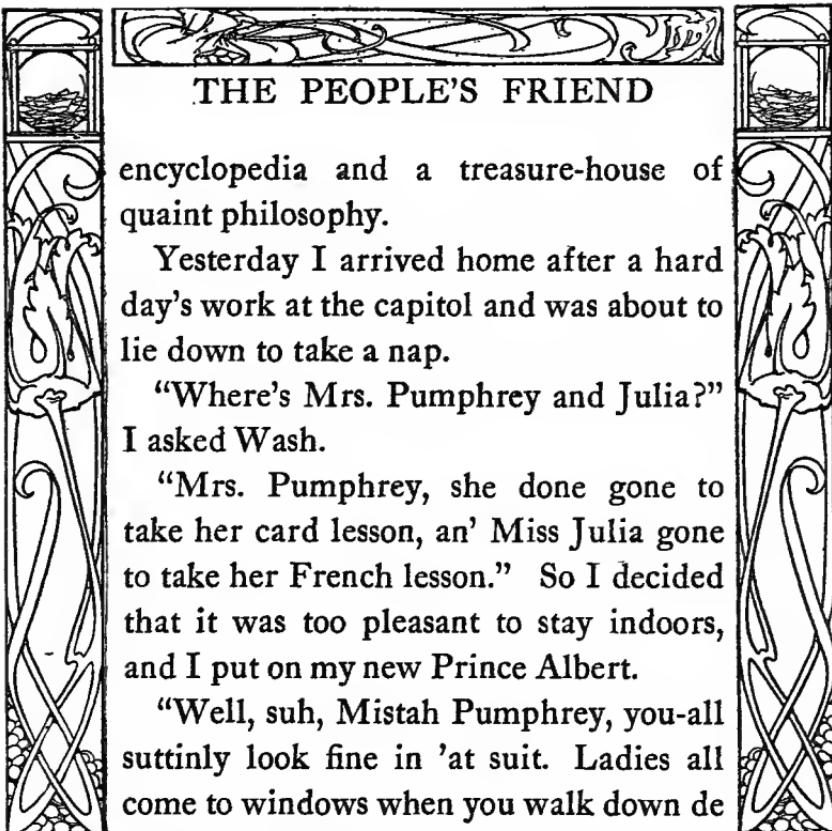
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The way it happened was thus: Senator Octopus dropped in on me one afternoon while I was dressing.

"Great Scott, Pumphrey," said he, "you don't mean to say you haven't a man to help you at this sort of thing?" I told him I had none, never expected to have one, and wouldn't know how to act if I did have one.

"That settles it," said he. "I'll send you over one of my old darkies. He'll take good care of you and keep your things in order."

So, in a day or two, George Washington Arbuckle arrived and has been with me ever since. He is a treasure. He tells me what to wear and gives me the inside history of Washington society, from Buchanan to Roosevelt. He is a walking



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encyclopedia and a treasure-house of quaint philosophy.

Yesterday I arrived home after a hard day's work at the capitol and was about to lie down to take a nap.

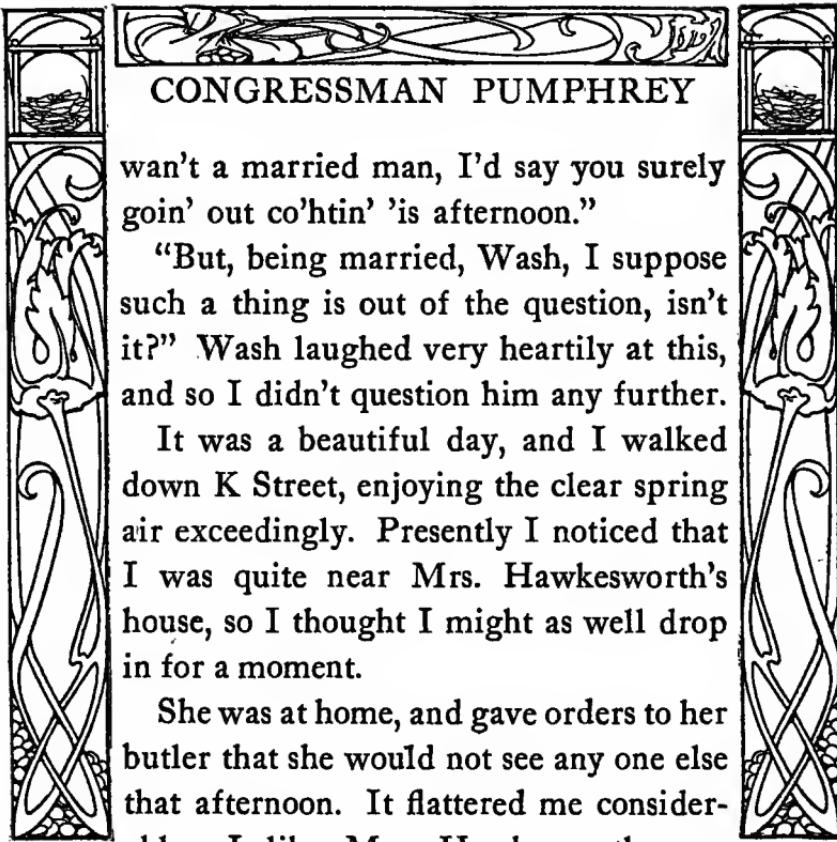
"Where's Mrs. Pumphrey and Julia?" I asked Wash.

"Mrs. Pumphrey, she done gone to take her card lesson, an' Miss Julia gone to take her French lesson." So I decided that it was too pleasant to stay indoors, and I put on my new Prince Albert.

"Well, suh, Mistah Pumphrey, you-all suttinly look fine in 'at suit. Ladies all come to windows when you walk down de avenue 'is afternoon."

"I look all right, do I, Wash?" I asked pleasantly.

"Yes, suh, you suttinly do. If you-all



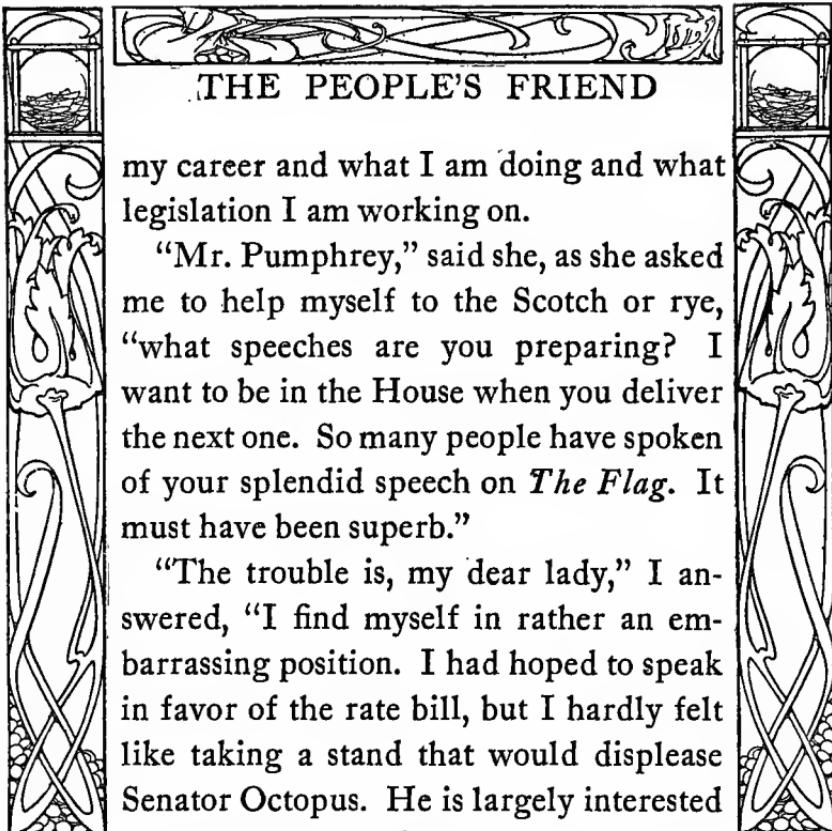
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wan't a married man, I'd say you surely goin' out co'htin' 'is afternoon."

"But, being married, Wash, I suppose such a thing is out of the question, isn't it?" Wash laughed very heartily at this, and so I didn't question him any further.

It was a beautiful day, and I walked down K Street, enjoying the clear spring air exceedingly. Presently I noticed that I was quite near Mrs. Hawkesworth's house, so I thought I might as well drop in for a moment.

She was at home, and gave orders to her butler that she would not see any one else that afternoon. It flattered me considerably. I like Mrs. Hawkesworth very much. She seems to understand and appreciate me more than—well, any other woman I've known. She is interested in

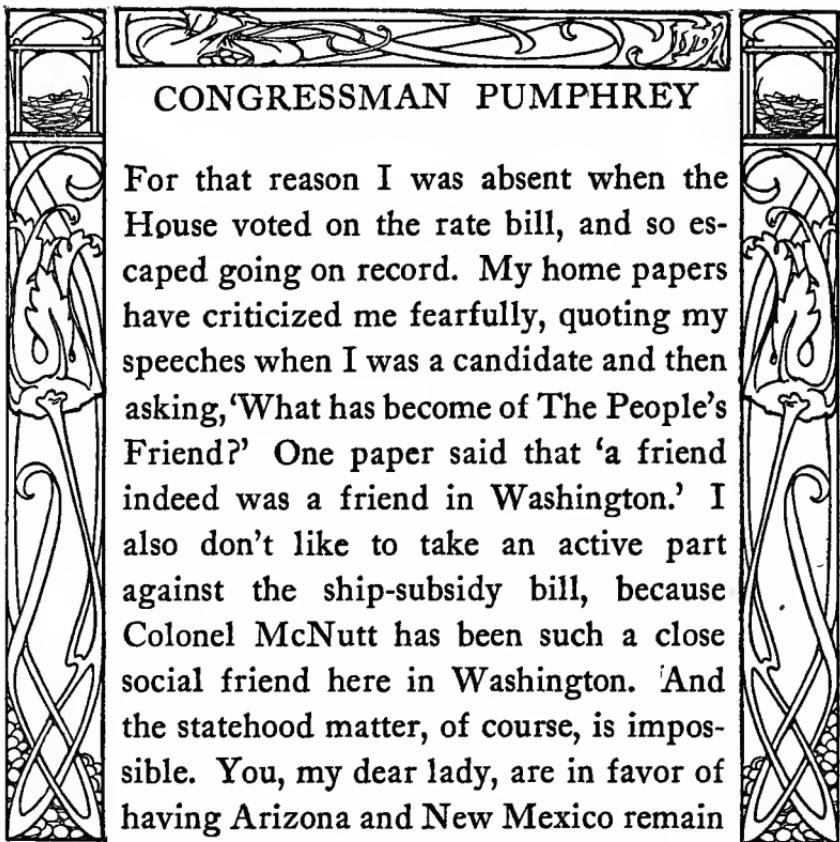


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my career and what I am doing and what legislation I am working on.

“Mr. Pumphrey,” said she, as she asked me to help myself to the Scotch or rye, “what speeches are you preparing? I want to be in the House when you deliver the next one. So many people have spoken of your splendid speech on *The Flag*. It must have been superb.”

“The trouble is, my dear lady,” I answered, “I find myself in rather an embarrassing position. I had hoped to speak in favor of the rate bill, but I hardly felt like taking a stand that would displease Senator Octopus. He is largely interested in railway enterprises, and he has been kindness itself to me. Consequently I don’t like to antagonize him by fighting the interests that mean so much to him.



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For that reason I was absent when the House voted on the rate bill, and so escaped going on record. My home papers have criticized me fearfully, quoting my speeches when I was a candidate and then asking, 'What has become of The People's Friend?' One paper said that 'a friend indeed was a friend in Washington.' I also don't like to take an active part against the ship-subsidy bill, because Colonel McNutt has been such a close social friend here in Washington. And the statehood matter, of course, is impossible. You, my dear lady, are in favor of having Arizona and New Mexico remain as territories on account of your timber concessions, and I could not do a thing to hurt your interests."

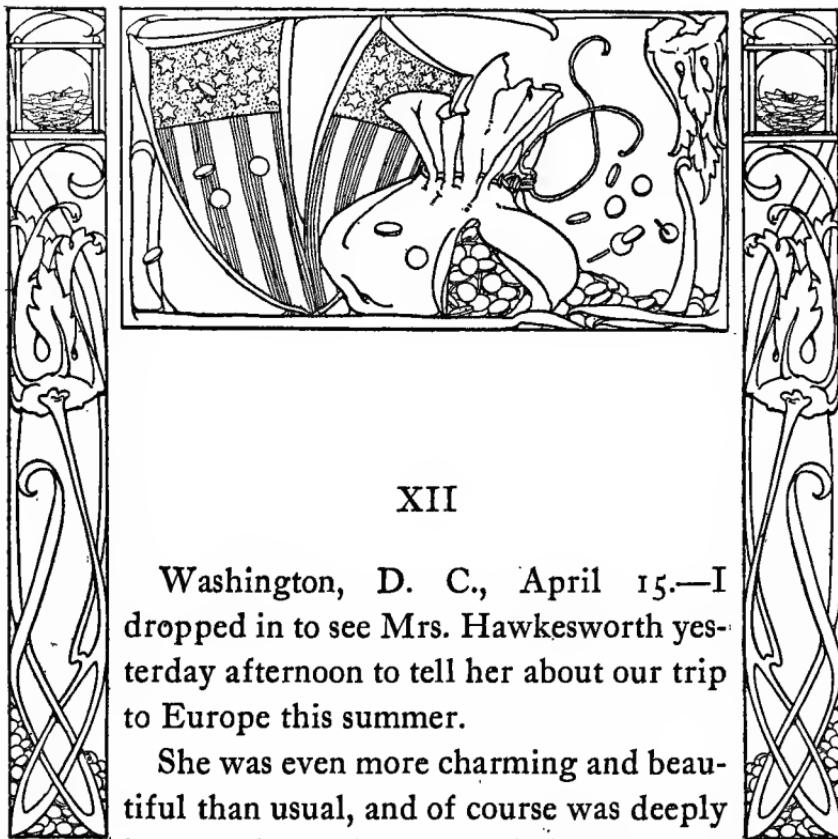
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"Oh, you mustn't think of me, my dear friend."

"But I do, Mrs. Hawkesworth; I think of you all the time. Could I be so ungrateful for your friendship that I would vote against your interests? Never! Whatever I may be, I can not be accused of ingratitude."

She smiled a little, and then looked at me with a tenderness that I shall never forget.



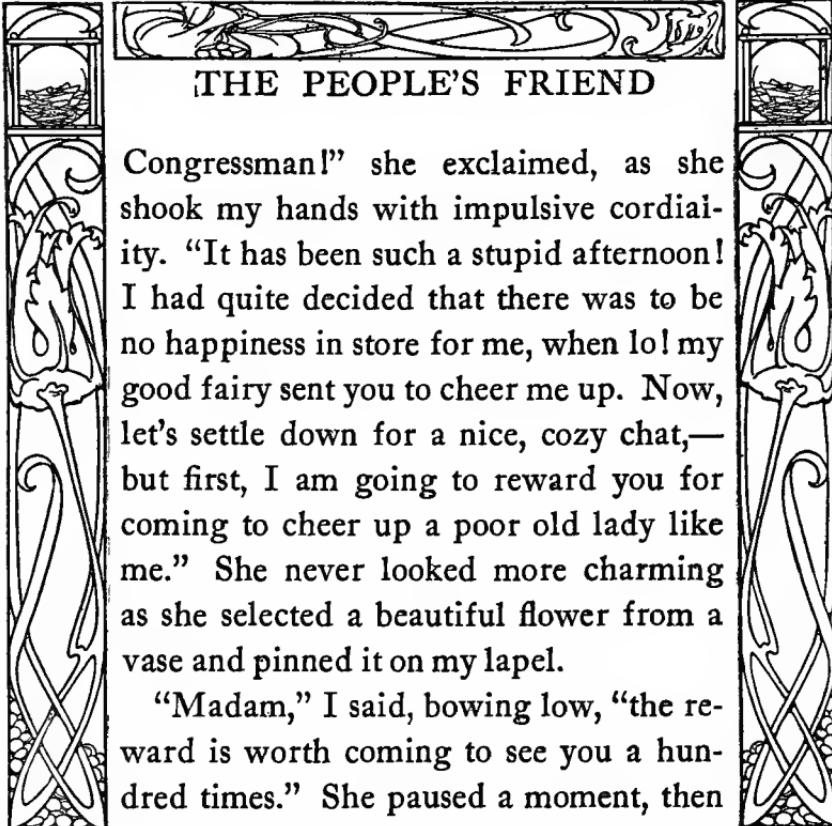


XII

Washington, D. C., April 15.—I dropped in to see Mrs. Hawkesworth yesterday afternoon to tell her about our trip to Europe this summer.

She was even more charming and beautiful than usual, and of course was deeply interested—as she always is in my plans and achievements. She has a remarkably sympathetic nature.

“I’m so glad you’ve come, my dear

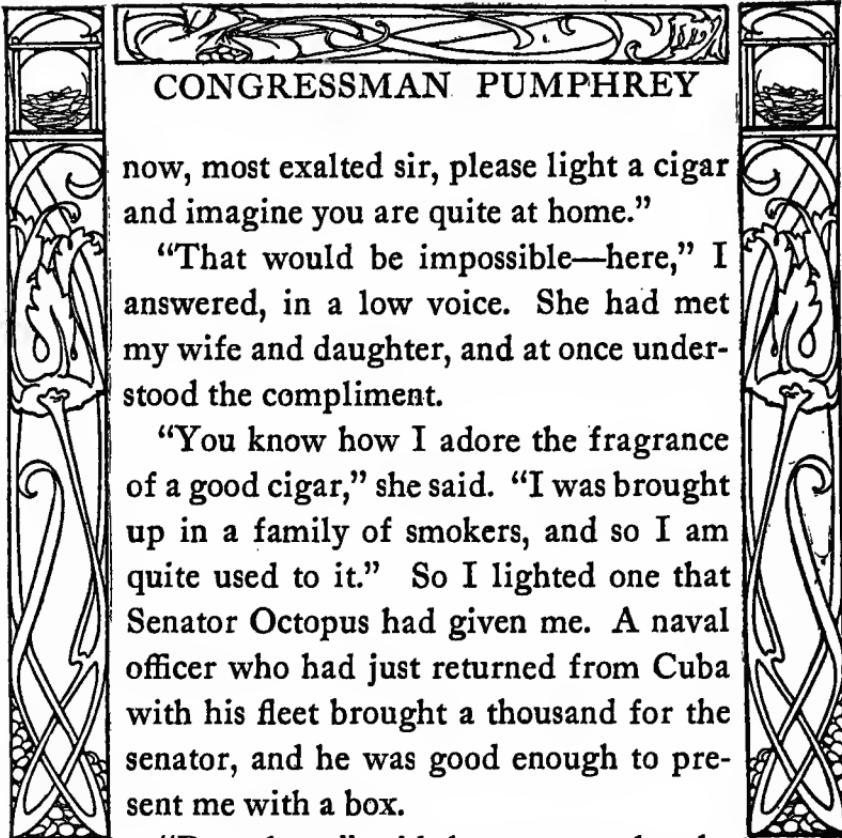


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Congressman!" she exclaimed, as she shook my hands with impulsive cordiality. "It has been such a stupid afternoon! I had quite decided that there was to be no happiness in store for me, when lo! my good fairy sent you to cheer me up. Now, let's settle down for a nice, cozy chat,—but first, I am going to reward you for coming to cheer up a poor old lady like me." She never looked more charming as she selected a beautiful flower from a vase and pinned it on my lapel.

"Madam," I said, bowing low, "the reward is worth coming to see you a hundred times." She paused a moment, then laughed merrily and gave a final pat to the flower.

"You are a perfect dear. I always know you are going to say the right thing. And



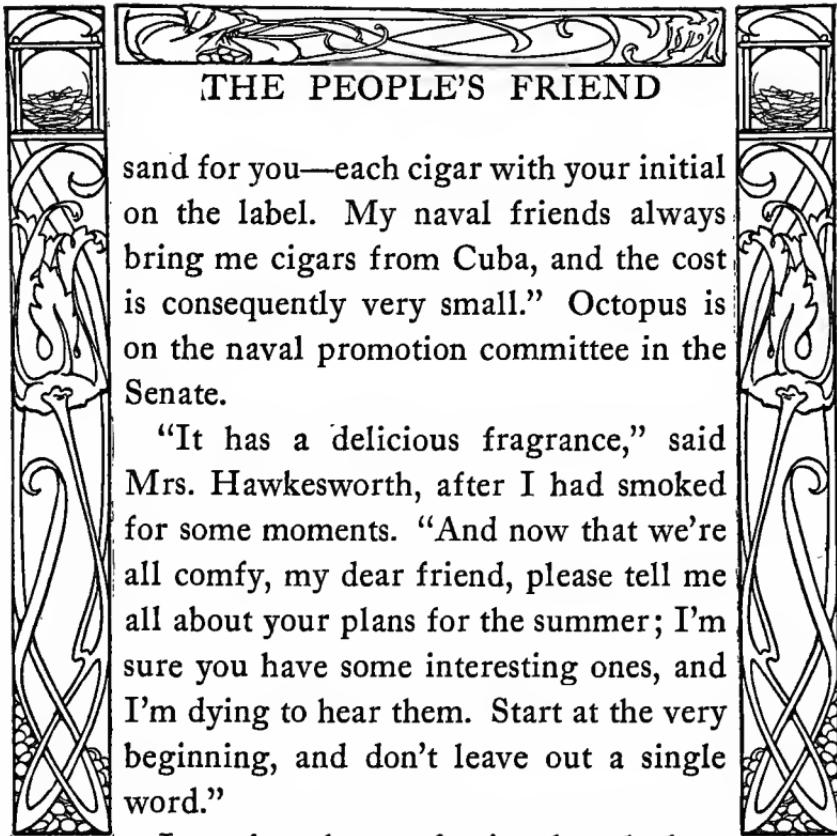
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now, most exalted sir, please light a cigar and imagine you are quite at home."

"That would be impossible—here," I answered, in a low voice. She had met my wife and daughter, and at once understood the compliment.

"You know how I adore the fragrance of a good cigar," she said. "I was brought up in a family of smokers, and so I am quite used to it." So I lighted one that Senator Octopus had given me. A naval officer who had just returned from Cuba with his fleet brought a thousand for the senator, and he was good enough to present me with a box.

"Pumphrey," said the senator when he gave them to me, "I'm going to have a fresh lot when the cruiser *Syracuse* comes up from Havana, and I ordered a thou-

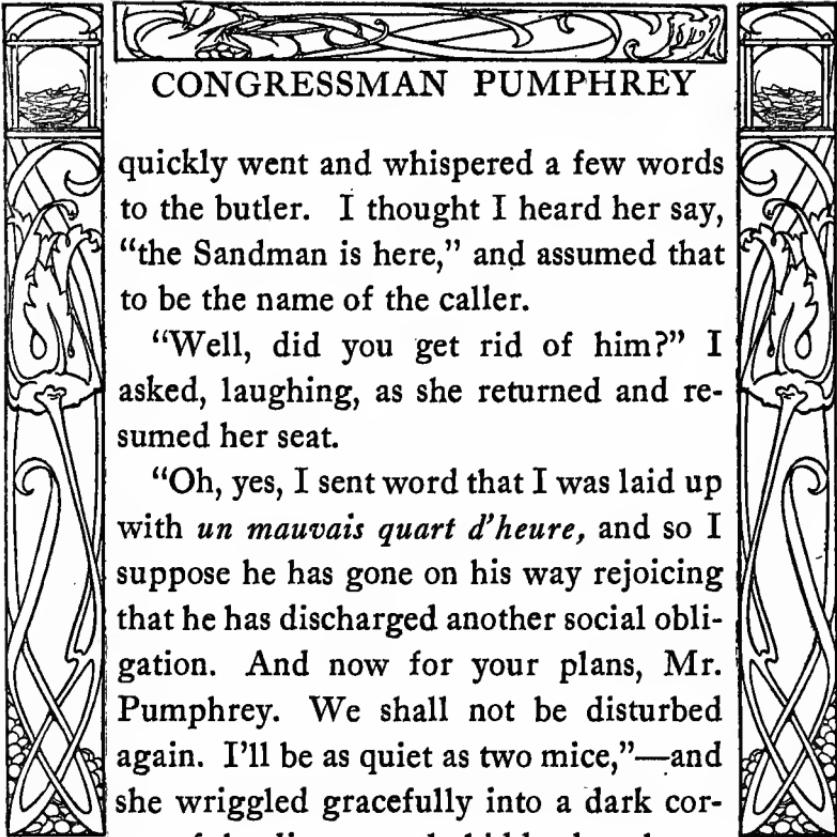


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sand for you—each cigar with your initial on the label. My naval friends always bring me cigars from Cuba, and the cost is consequently very small." Octopus is on the naval promotion committee in the Senate.

"It has a delicious fragrance," said Mrs. Hawkesworth, after I had smoked for some moments. "And now that we're all comfy, my dear friend, please tell me all about your plans for the summer; I'm sure you have some interesting ones, and I'm dying to hear them. Start at the very beginning, and don't leave out a single word."

I was just about to begin when the butler appeared at the door—after first knocking discreetly. He announced a caller. Her face lighted up and she



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quickly went and whispered a few words to the butler. I thought I heard her say, "the Sandman is here," and assumed that to be the name of the caller.

"Well, did you get rid of him?" I asked, laughing, as she returned and resumed her seat.

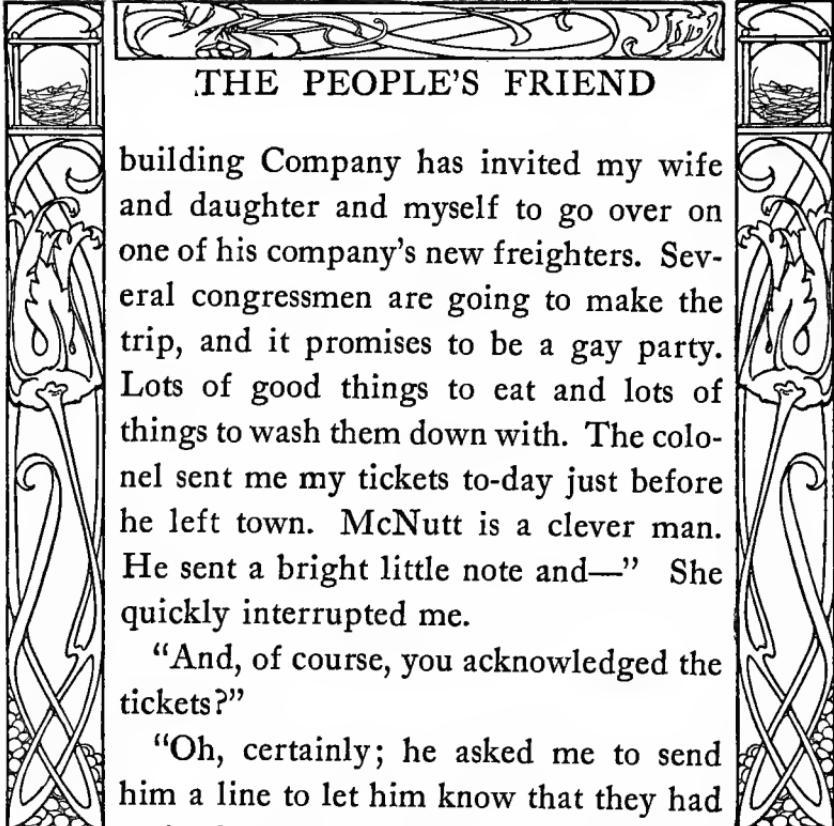
"Oh, yes, I sent word that I was laid up with *un mauvais quart d'heure*, and so I suppose he has gone on his way rejoicing that he has discharged another social obligation. And now for your plans, Mr. Pumphrey. We shall not be disturbed again. I'll be as quiet as two mice,"—and she wriggled gracefully into a dark corner of the divan, partly hidden by a beautiful palm.

"Well," said I, "we are sailing in July. Colonel McNutt of the National Ship-



"And now for your plans, Mr. Pumphrey. We shall not be disturbed again. I'll be as quiet as two mice"

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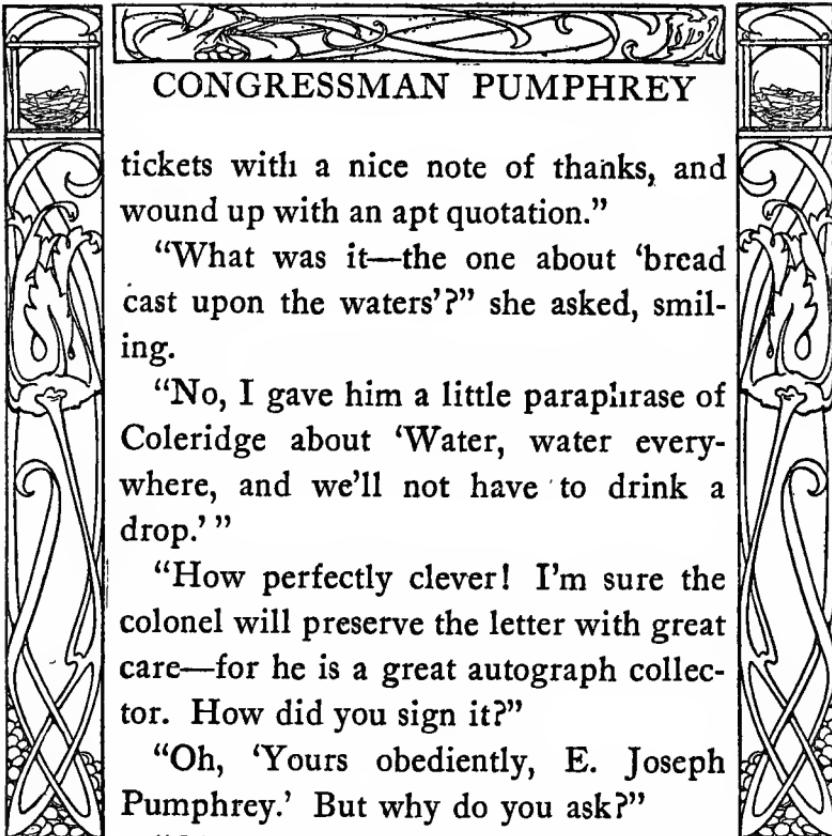
building Company has invited my wife and daughter and myself to go over on one of his company's new freighters. Several congressmen are going to make the trip, and it promises to be a gay party. Lots of good things to eat and lots of things to wash them down with. The colonel sent me my tickets to-day just before he left town. McNutt is a clever man. He sent a bright little note and—" She quickly interrupted me.

"And, of course, you acknowledged the tickets?"

"Oh, certainly; he asked me to send him a line to let him know that they had arrived safely. But why do you smile?"

"Oh, nothing. Please go on. What did you say in your note?"

"Oh, I acknowledged the receipt of the



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tickets with a nice note of thanks, and wound up with an apt quotation."

"What was it—the one about 'bread cast upon the waters'?" she asked, smiling.

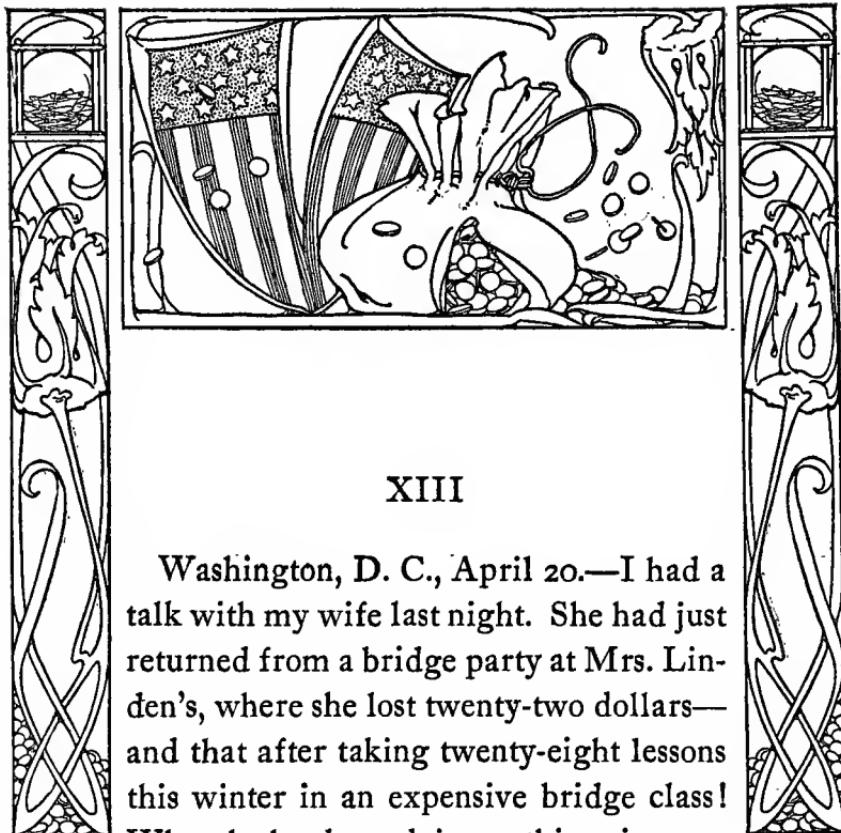
"No, I gave him a little paraphrase of Coleridge about 'Water, water everywhere, and we'll not have to drink a drop.' "

"How perfectly clever! I'm sure the colonel will preserve the letter with great care—for he is a great autograph collector. How did you sign it?"

"Oh, 'Yours obediently, E. Joseph Pumphrey.' But why do you ask?"

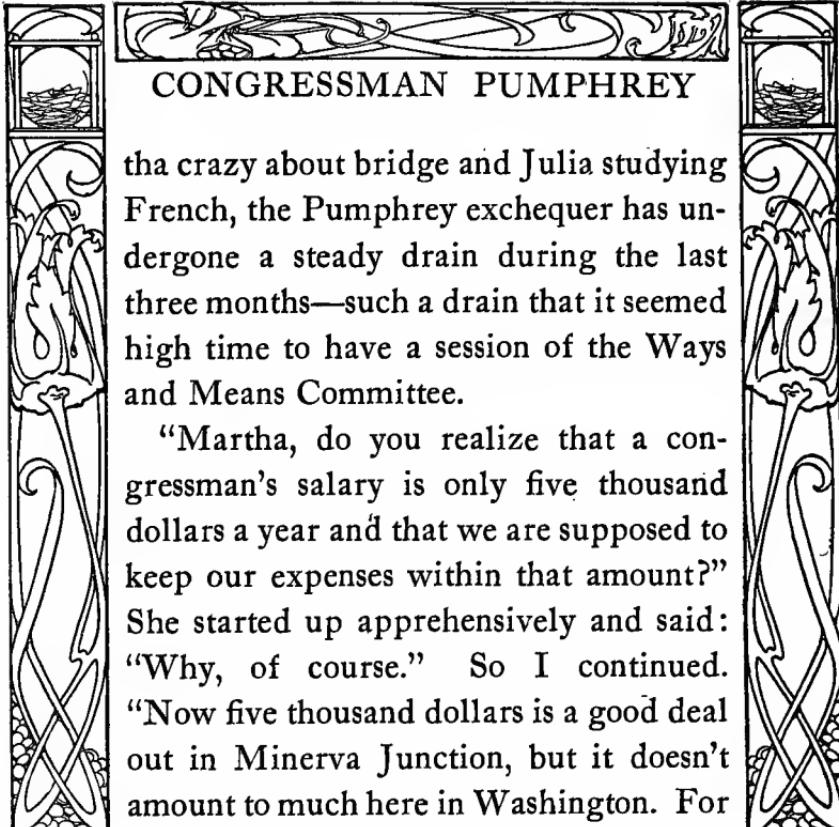
"Oh, just because—a woman's reason."

And she smiled reflectively for quite a long time at her little quip.



XIII

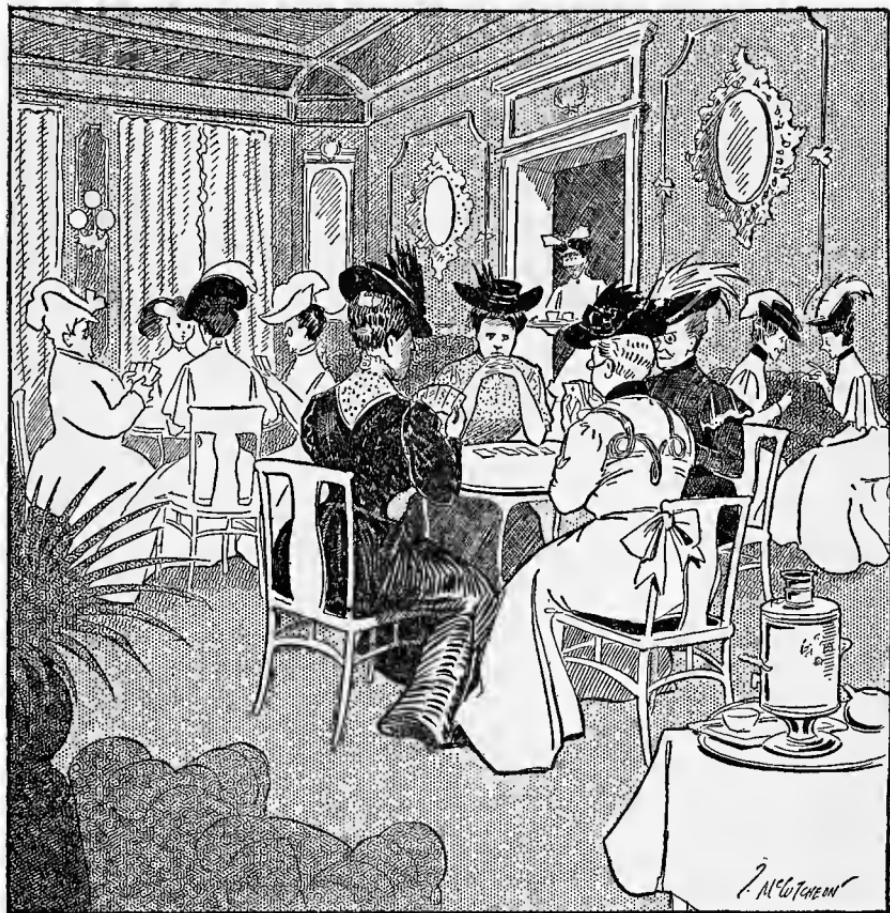
Washington, D. C., April 20.—I had a talk with my wife last night. She had just returned from a bridge party at Mrs. Linden's, where she lost twenty-two dollars—and that after taking twenty-eight lessons this winter in an expensive bridge class! Why, she has been doing nothing since we arrived in Washington but study bridge whist and practise losing money at these afternoon schools for scandal. With Mar-



CONGRESSMAN PUMPHREY

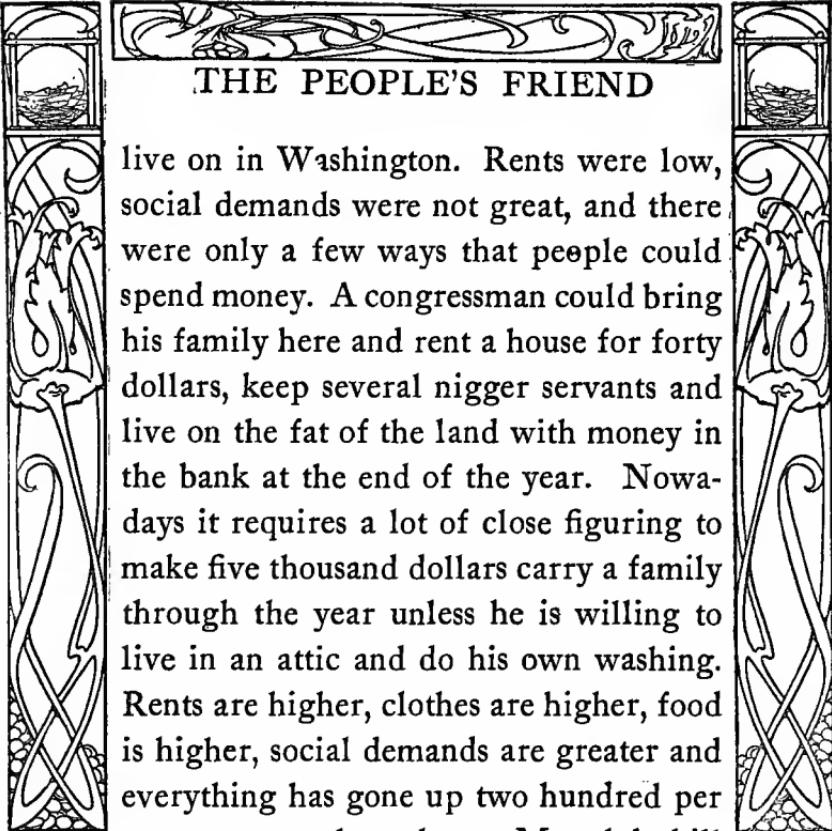
tha crazy about bridge and Julia studying French, the Pumphrey exchequer has undergone a steady drain during the last three months—such a drain that it seemed high time to have a session of the Ways and Means Committee.

“Martha, do you realize that a congressman’s salary is only five thousand dollars a year and that we are supposed to keep our expenses within that amount?” She started up apprehensively and said: “Why, of course.” So I continued. “Now five thousand dollars is a good deal out in Minerva Junction, but it doesn’t amount to much here in Washington. For over thirty years that has been the congressional pay. Everything has gone up but the salary. When they fixed that figure thirty-two years ago it was plenty to



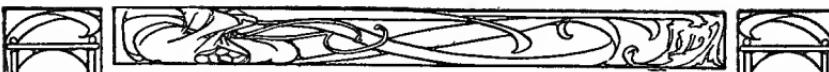
I had a little talk with my wife last night. She had just returned from a bridge party at Mrs. Linden's, where she lost twenty-two dollars—and that after taking twenty-eight lessons this winter in an expensive bridge class!

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live on in Washington. Rents were low, social demands were not great, and there were only a few ways that people could spend money. A congressman could bring his family here and rent a house for forty dollars, keep several nigger servants and live on the fat of the land with money in the bank at the end of the year. Nowadays it requires a lot of close figuring to make five thousand dollars carry a family through the year unless he is willing to live in an attic and do his own washing. Rents are higher, clothes are higher, food is higher, social demands are greater and everything has gone up two hundred per cent. except the salary. My club bill amounts to nearly one hundred dollars a month. Julia's French lessons run up to thirty dollars a month, your bridge les-

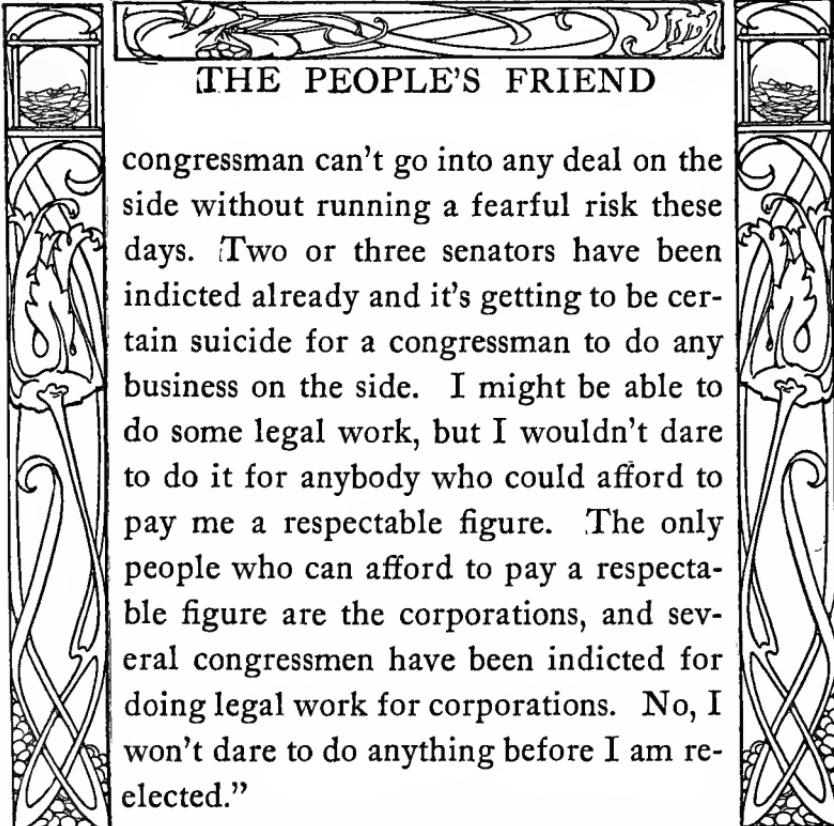


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sons and losings reach close to a hundred, carriage bills run up to forty dollars, and I tell you there isn't a great deal left over for such trifles as food, lodging and clothes. Every few days some friends from home drop in, and if I didn't invite them to dinner they would go home sore. It all takes money. I don't know how we are going to make both ends meet, Martha."

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, "won't Senator Octopus help you to make good investments? He's awfully fond of us. Just think of the flowers he sent when I was ill in January!"

"I suppose he would if I asked him, but the minute anybody knew I was speculating they would say I had been bought out body and soul by the corporations. A



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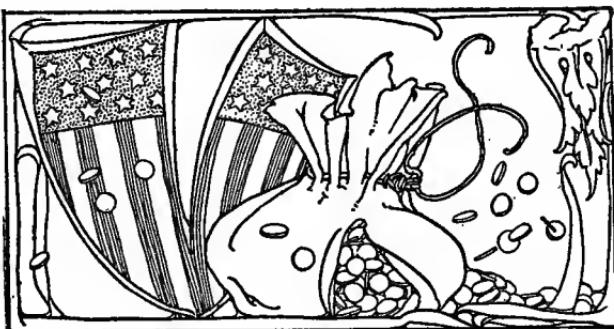
congressman can't go into any deal on the side without running a fearful risk these days. Two or three senators have been indicted already and it's getting to be certain suicide for a congressman to do any business on the side. I might be able to do some legal work, but I wouldn't dare to do it for anybody who could afford to pay me a respectable figure. The only people who can afford to pay a respectable figure are the corporations, and several congressmen have been indicted for doing legal work for corporations. No, I won't dare to do anything before I am re-elected."

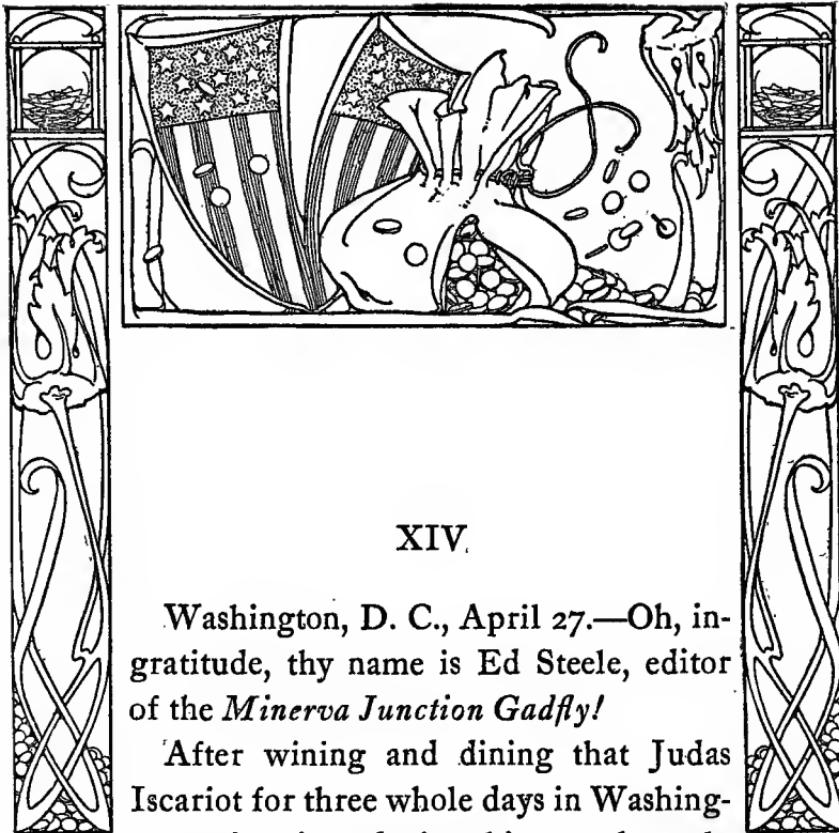
"Then why don't you introduce a bill to have your salary raised to ten thousand dollars a year?"

"Oh, there'd be a row from the country.

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Most people in small towns think five thousand dollars a year is enough for anybody to live on, and it would be in a small town; but it certainly is not enough here in Washington. If you're honest you get in debt and if you're dishonest you get in jail. So I wish you'd be more lucky hereafter in your bridge playing." And with that wise advice the session was adjourned to meet daily hereafter.

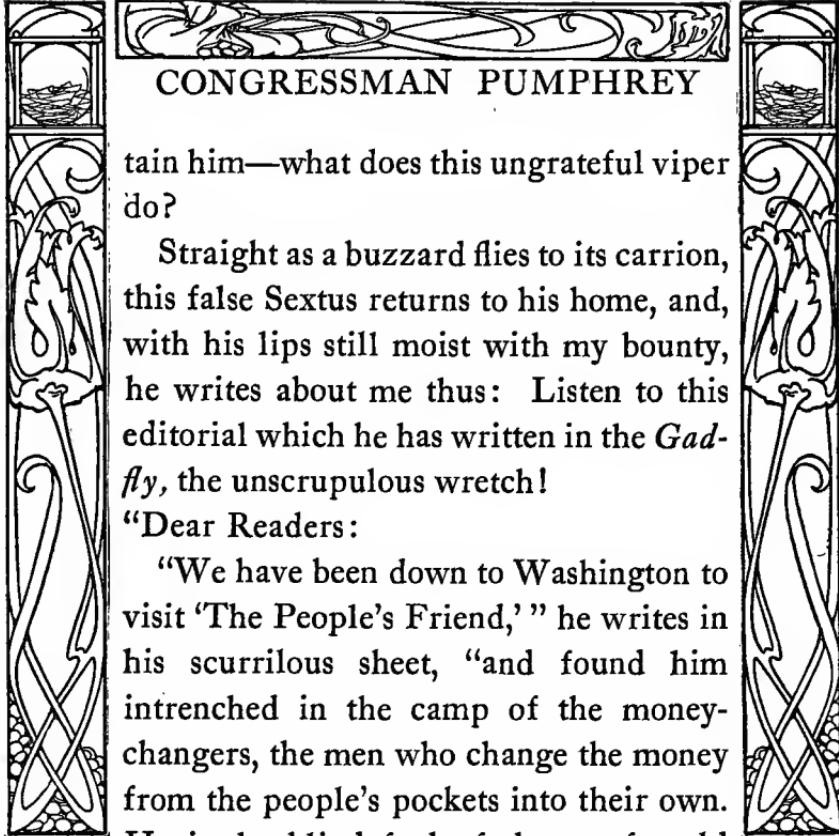




XIV.

Washington, D. C., April 27.—Oh, ingratitude, thy name is Ed Steele, editor of the *Minerva Junction Gadfly*!

After wining and dining that Judas Iscariot for three whole days in Washington—after introducing him to the only people of real quality he has ever been allowed to speak to, after neglecting my legislative duties for three days to enter-



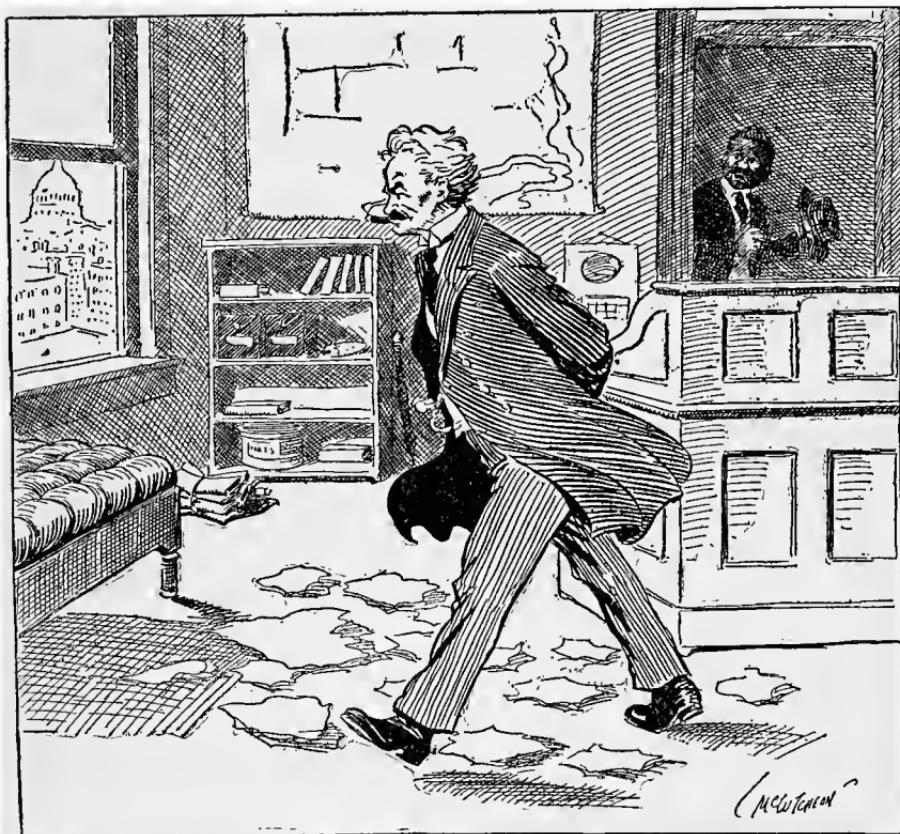
CONGRESSMAN PUMPHREY

tain him—what does this ungrateful viper do?

Straight as a buzzard flies to its carrion, this false Sextus returns to his home, and, with his lips still moist with my bounty, he writes about me thus: Listen to this editorial which he has written in the *Gadfly*, the unscrupulous wretch!

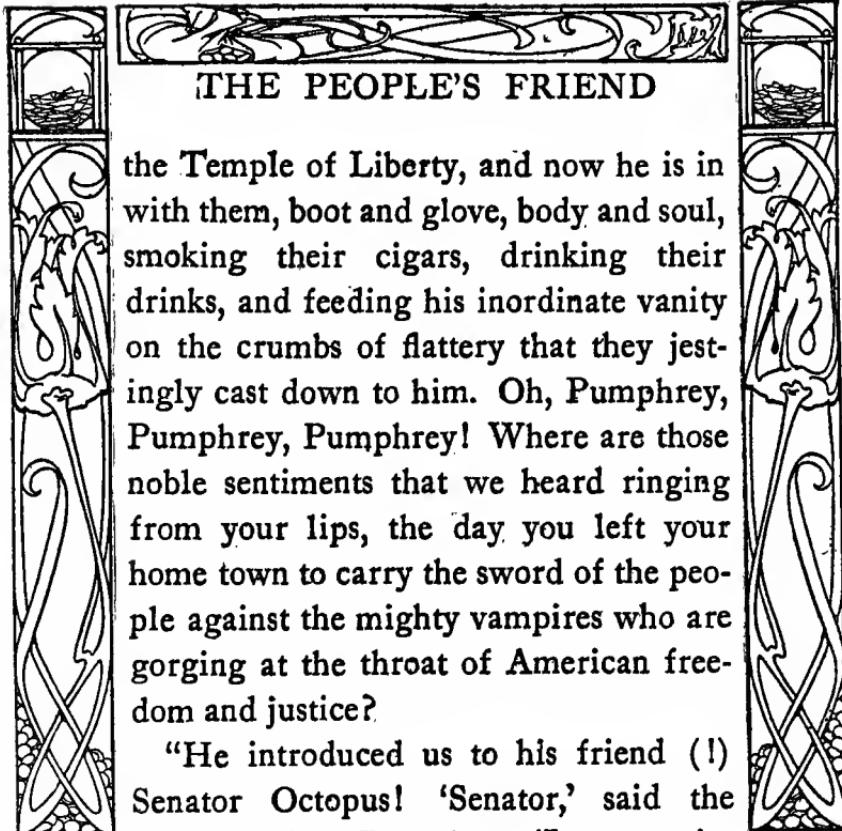
“Dear Readers:

“We have been down to Washington to visit ‘The People’s Friend,’ ” he writes in his scurrilous sheet, “and found him intrenched in the camp of the money-changers, the men who change the money from the people’s pockets into their own. He is the blind fool of that crafty old Fagin, Senator Octopus, but he doesn’t realize it. He was going down to Washington to rout the money-changers from



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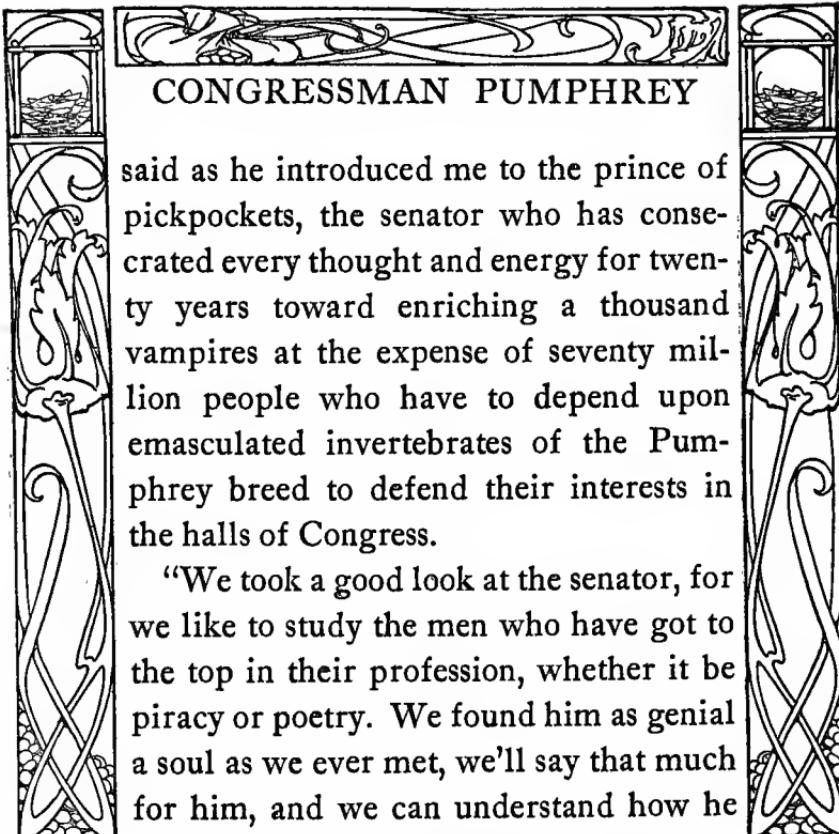
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the Temple of Liberty, and now he is in with them, boot and glove, body and soul, smoking their cigars, drinking their drinks, and feeding his inordinate vanity on the crumbs of flattery that they jestingly cast down to him. Oh, Pumphrey, Pumphrey, Pumphrey! Where are those noble sentiments that we heard ringing from your lips, the day you left your home town to carry the sword of the people against the mighty vampires who are gorging at the throat of American freedom and justice?

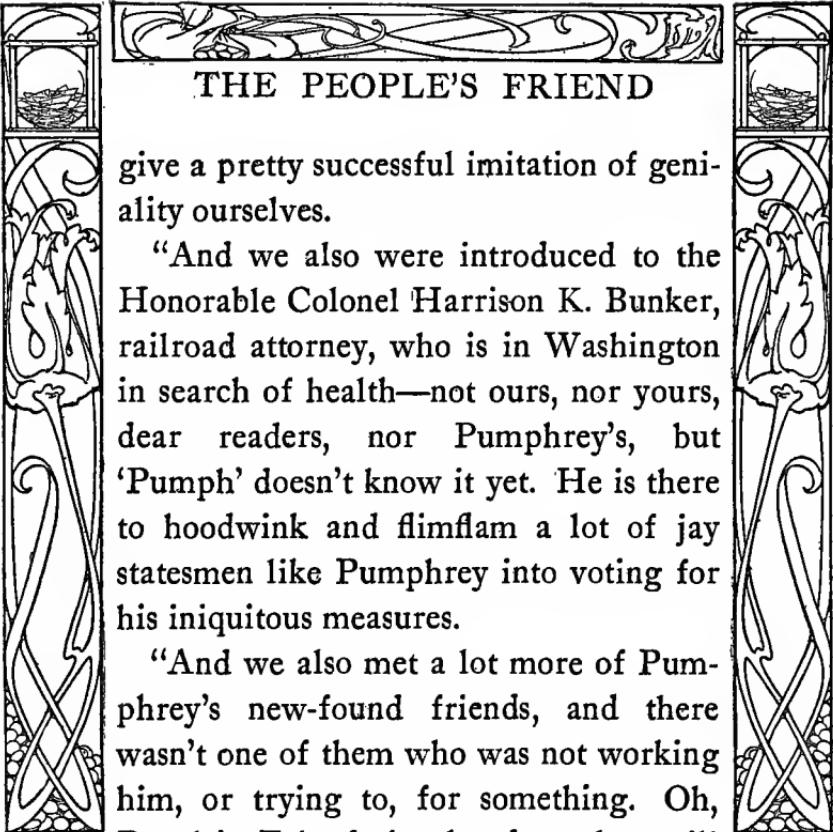
“He introduced us to his friend (!) Senator Octopus! ‘Senator,’ said the pompous little Pumphrey, ‘I want to introduce my fellow townsman, Mr. Edward Steele, who, I’m sure, is delighted to meet you.’ Yes, that’s what Pumphrey



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said as he introduced me to the prince of pickpockets, the senator who has consecrated every thought and energy for twenty years toward enriching a thousand vampires at the expense of seventy million people who have to depend upon emasculated invertebrates of the Pumphrey breed to defend their interests in the halls of Congress.

"We took a good look at the senator, for we like to study the men who have got to the top in their profession, whether it be piracy or poetry. We found him as genial a soul as we ever met, we'll say that much for him, and we can understand how he could wind an unsophisticated fishworm like the Honorable 'Pumph' about his little finger. If we had a strangle hold on the American public, such as he has, we'd



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give a pretty successful imitation of geniality ourselves.

“And we also were introduced to the Honorable Colonel Harrison K. Bunker, railroad attorney, who is in Washington in search of health—not ours, nor yours, dear readers, nor Pumphrey’s, but ‘Pumph’ doesn’t know it yet. He is there to hoodwink and flimflam a lot of jay statesmen like Pumphrey into voting for his iniquitous measures.

“And we also met a lot more of Pumphrey’s new-found friends, and there wasn’t one of them who was not working him, or trying to, for something. Oh, People’s Friend, in the days that will come, too soon for you, but too slow for us, the wrathful arm of this great district will reach down in the muck and seize

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you and drag you forth from the dregs of Washington and drop you so d— hard that the echo will last a year."

That is the editorial that was written about me by that ungrateful insect. But I'll get even with him. Oh, I'll go after him until he howls like a jackal caught at his carrion. I'll bring him to his knees until he begs for mercy, the treacherous hound!



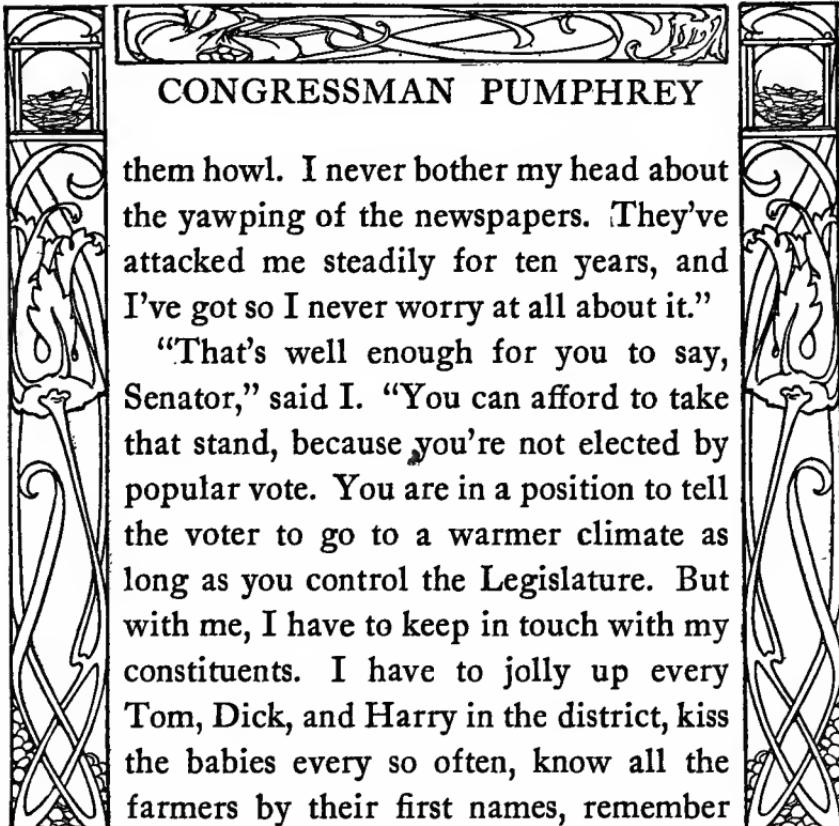


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XVI

Washington, D. C., May 8.—I had a long talk with Senator Octopus the other day about the savage editorial attacks that Ed Steele has been making on me in the *Minerva Junction Gadfly*.

“Senator,” said I, “these attacks are worrying me and I want to do something to stop them.” The senator smiled.

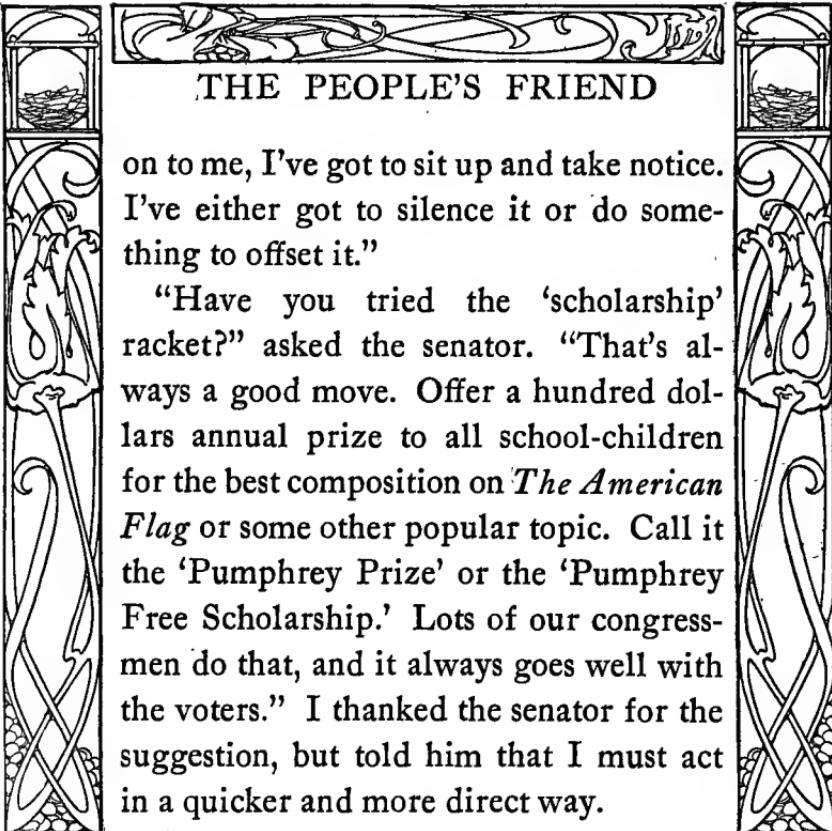
“Why, Pumphrey,” said he, “my advice is to pay no attention to them. Let



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them howl. I never bother my head about the yawping of the newspapers. They've attacked me steadily for ten years, and I've got so I never worry at all about it."

"That's well enough for you to say, Senator," said I. "You can afford to take that stand, because you're not elected by popular vote. You are in a position to tell the voter to go to a warmer climate as long as you control the Legislature. But with me, I have to keep in touch with my constituents. I have to jolly up every Tom, Dick, and Harry in the district, kiss the babies every so often, know all the farmers by their first names, remember whom their children married, send seeds to the entire voting population, and in every other possible way keep in touch. When a newspaper like the *Gadfly* jumps

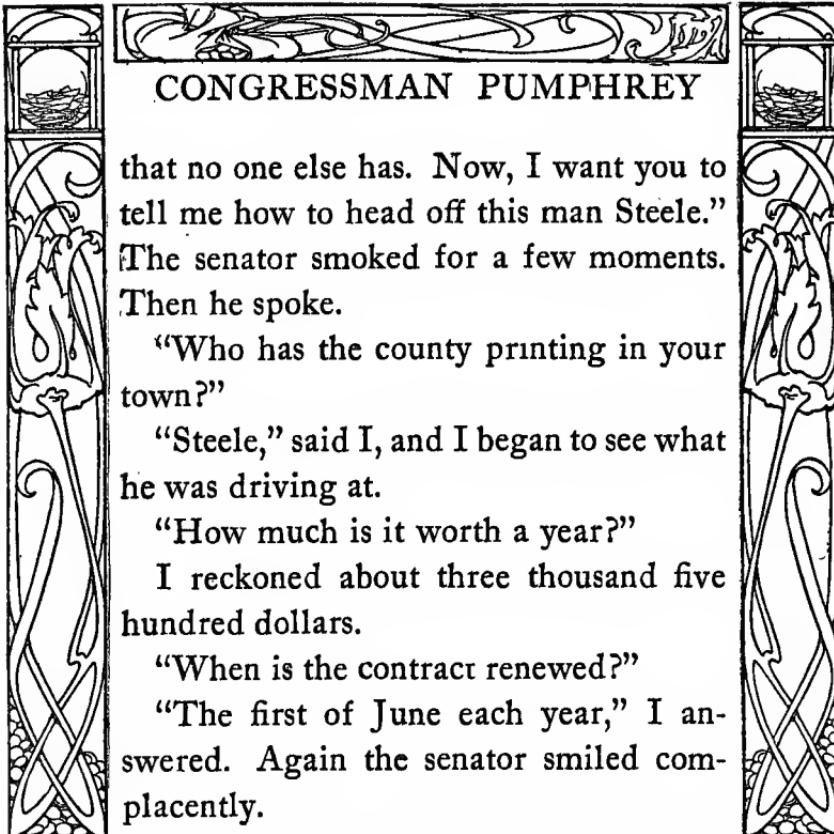


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on to me, I've got to sit up and take notice. I've either got to silence it or do something to offset it."

"Have you tried the 'scholarship' racket?" asked the senator. "That's always a good move. Offer a hundred dollars annual prize to all school-children for the best composition on *The American Flag* or some other popular topic. Call it the 'Pumphrey Prize' or the 'Pumphrey Free Scholarship.' Lots of our congressmen do that, and it always goes well with the voters." I thanked the senator for the suggestion, but told him that I must act in a quicker and more direct way.

"You know, Senator, that there isn't a man in Congress who has the power you have. If anybody bucks up against you, you have ways of bringing him to time



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that no one else has. Now, I want you to tell me how to head off this man Steele." The senator smoked for a few moments. Then he spoke.

"Who has the county printing in your town?"

"Steele," said I, and I began to see what he was driving at.

"How much is it worth a year?"

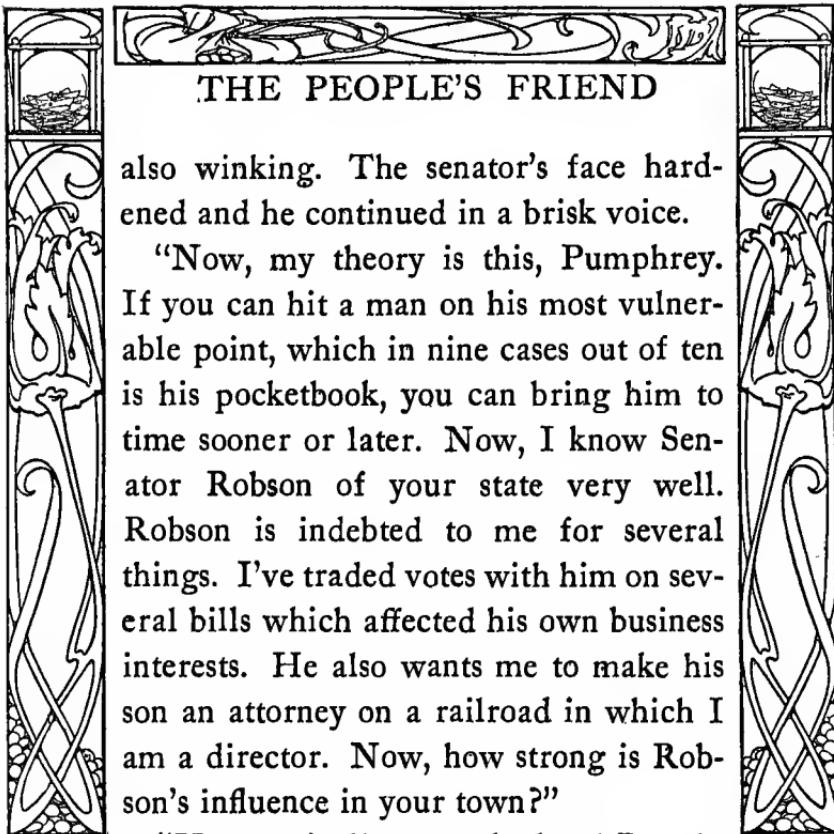
I reckoned about three thousand five hundred dollars.

"When is the contract renewed?"

"The first of June each year," I answered. Again the senator smiled complacently.

"Do you begin to see?" he asked with a wink.

"I can catch glimpses," I answered,



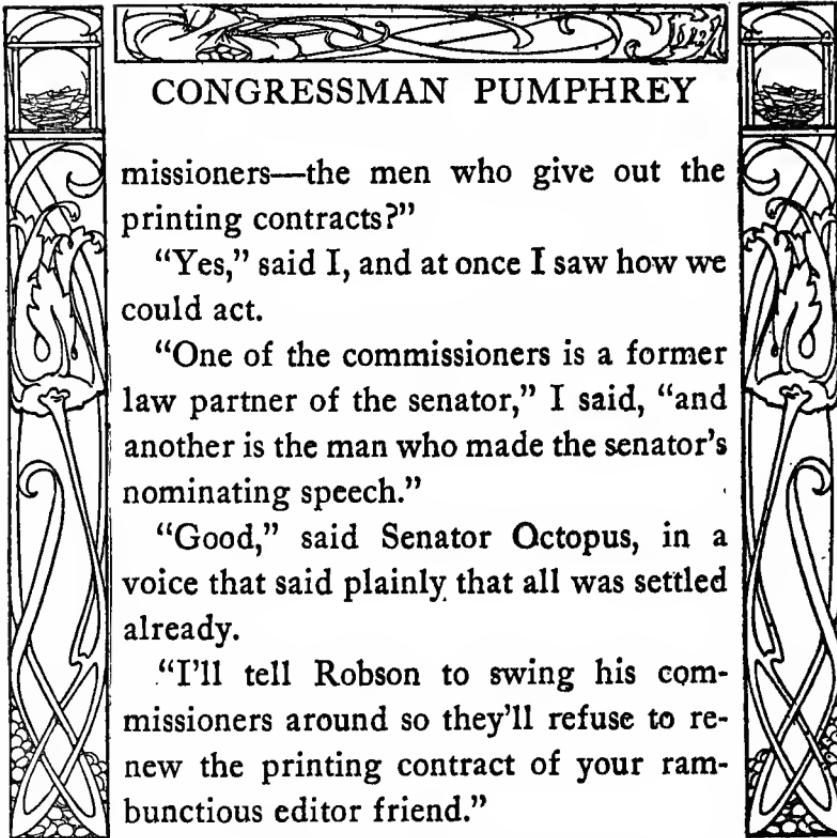
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also winking. The senator's face hardened and he continued in a brisk voice.

"Now, my theory is this, Pumphrey. If you can hit a man on his most vulnerable point, which in nine cases out of ten is his pocketbook, you can bring him to time sooner or later. Now, I know Senator Robson of your state very well. Robson is indebted to me for several things. I've traded votes with him on several bills which affected his own business interests. He also wants me to make his son an attorney on a railroad in which I am a director. Now, how strong is Robson's influence in your town?"

"He practically owns the local Republican machine," I answered.

"Does he know any of the county com-



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missioners—the men who give out the printing contracts?"

"Yes," said I, and at once I saw how we could act.

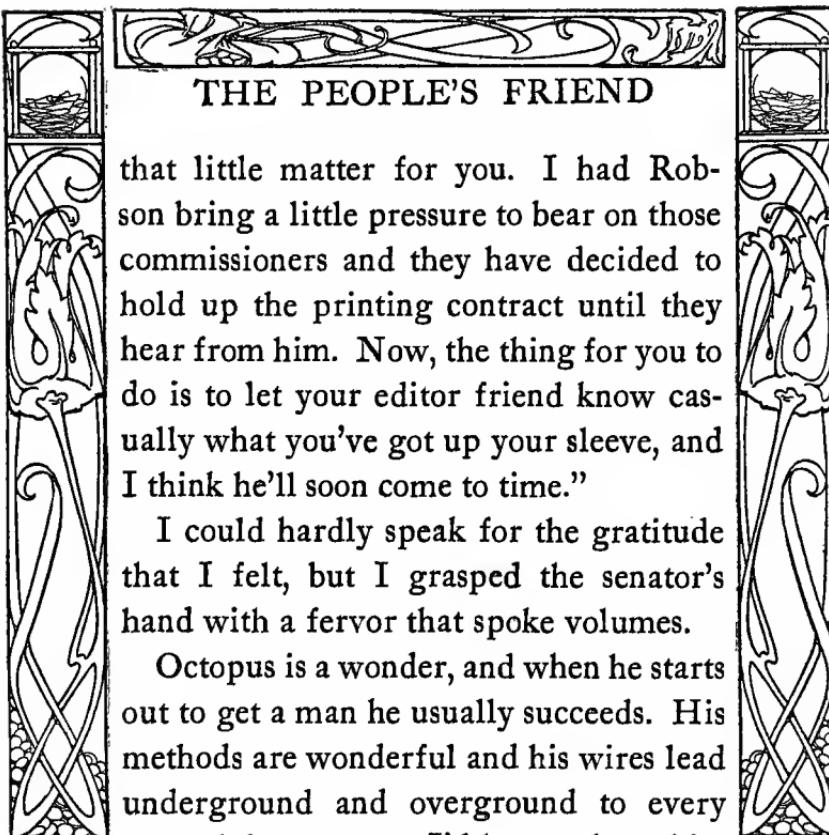
"One of the commissioners is a former law partner of the senator," I said, "and another is the man who made the senator's nominating speech."

"Good," said Senator Octopus, in a voice that said plainly that all was settled already.

"I'll tell Robson to swing his commissioners around so they'll refuse to renew the printing contract of your rambunctious editor friend."

A few days later Senator Octopus met me in the Senate restaurant and called out:

"By the way, Pumphrey, I've fixed up

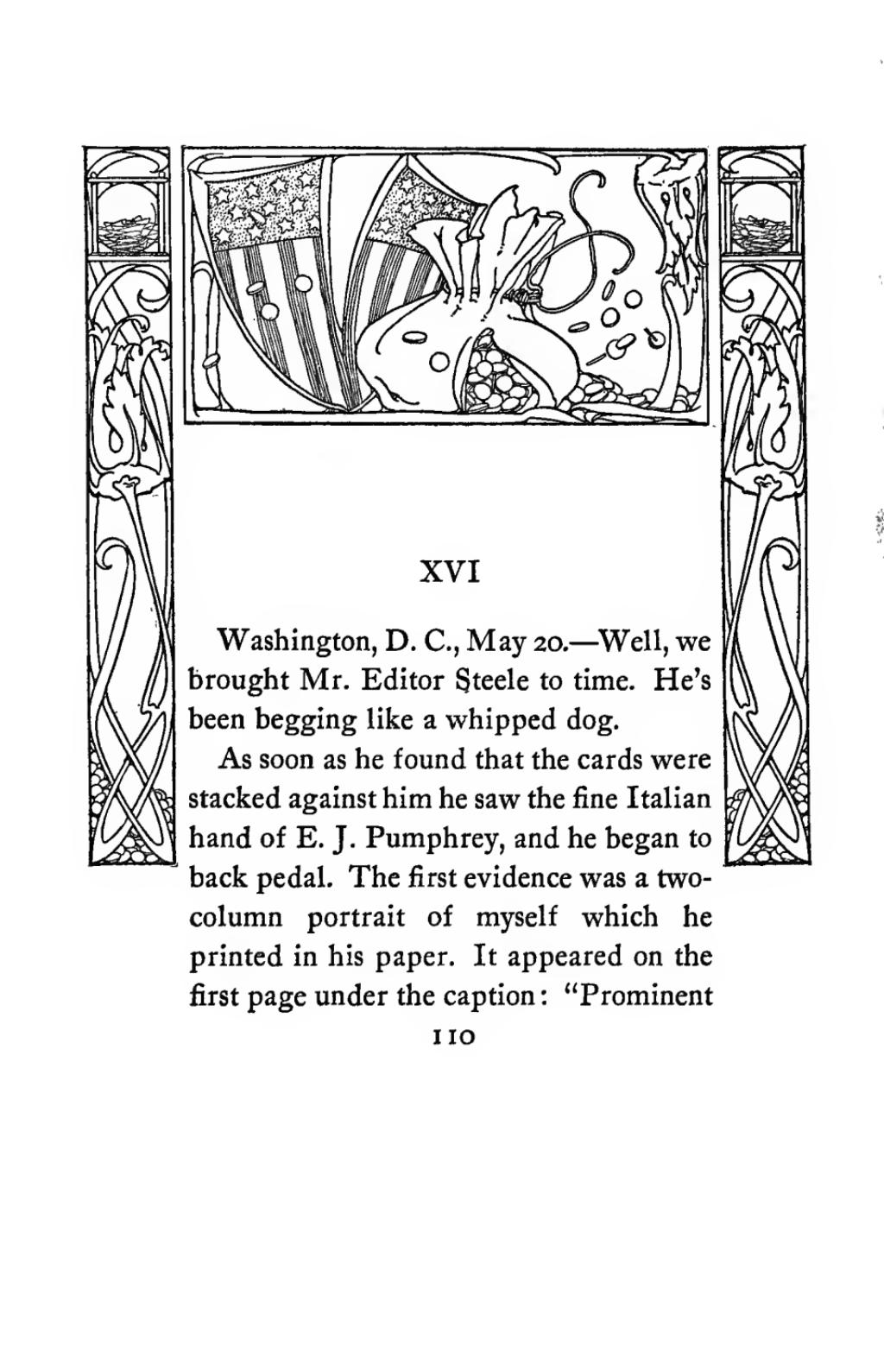


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that little matter for you. I had Robson bring a little pressure to bear on those commissioners and they have decided to hold up the printing contract until they hear from him. Now, the thing for you to do is to let your editor friend know casually what you've got up your sleeve, and I think he'll soon come to time."

I could hardly speak for the gratitude that I felt, but I grasped the senator's hand with a fervor that spoke volumes.

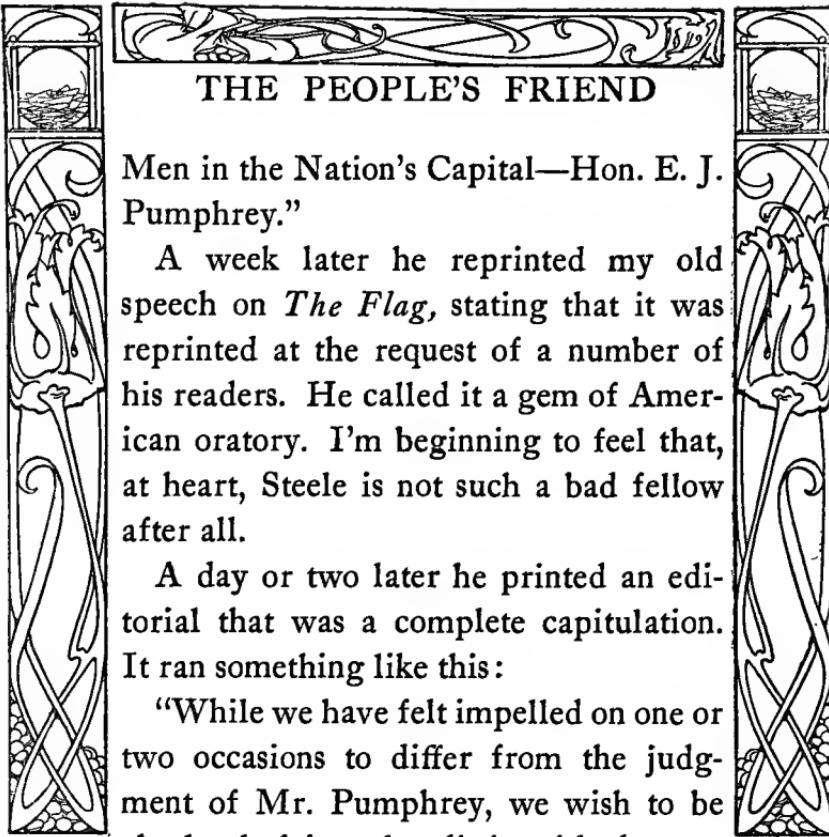
Octopus is a wonder, and when he starts out to get a man he usually succeeds. His methods are wonderful and his wires lead underground and overground to every part of the country. I'd hate to have him gunning for me.



XVI

Washington, D. C., May 20.—Well, we brought Mr. Editor Steele to time. He's been begging like a whipped dog.

As soon as he found that the cards were stacked against him he saw the fine Italian hand of E. J. Pumphrey, and he began to back pedal. The first evidence was a two-column portrait of myself which he printed in his paper. It appeared on the first page under the caption: "Prominent



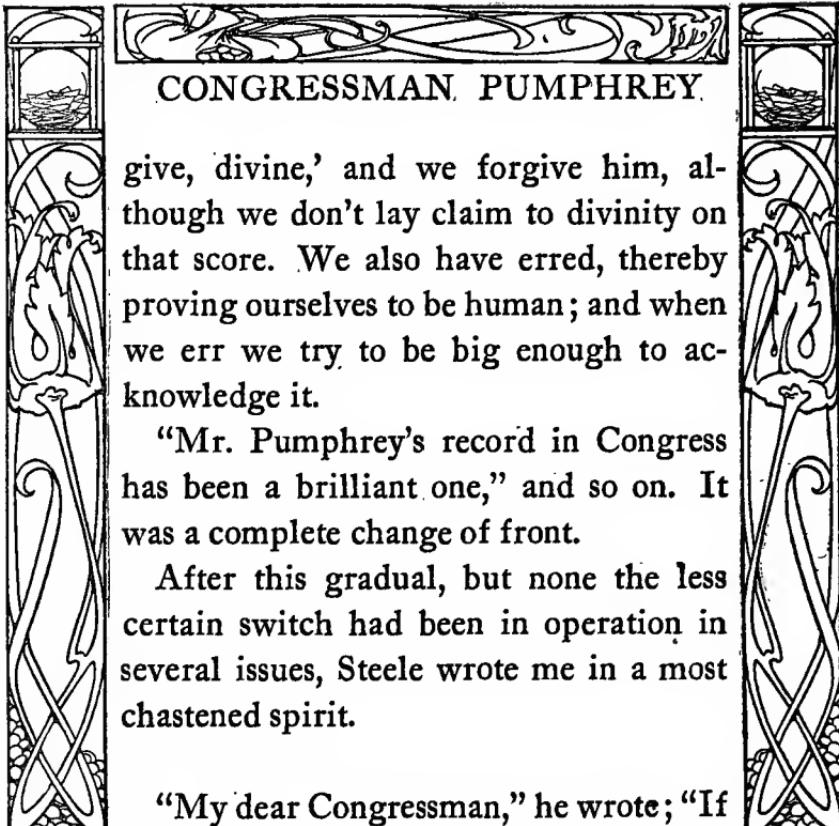
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Men in the Nation's Capital—Hon. E. J. Pumphrey."

A week later he reprinted my old speech on *The Flag*, stating that it was reprinted at the request of a number of his readers. He called it a gem of American oratory. I'm beginning to feel that, at heart, Steele is not such a bad fellow after all.

A day or two later he printed an editorial that was a complete capitulation. It ran something like this:

"While we have felt impelled on one or two occasions to differ from the judgment of Mr. Pumphrey, we wish to be absolutely fair to that distinguished statesman. He has, perhaps, done things which we have felt inclined to criticize. But, as the poet says, 'To err is human; to for-



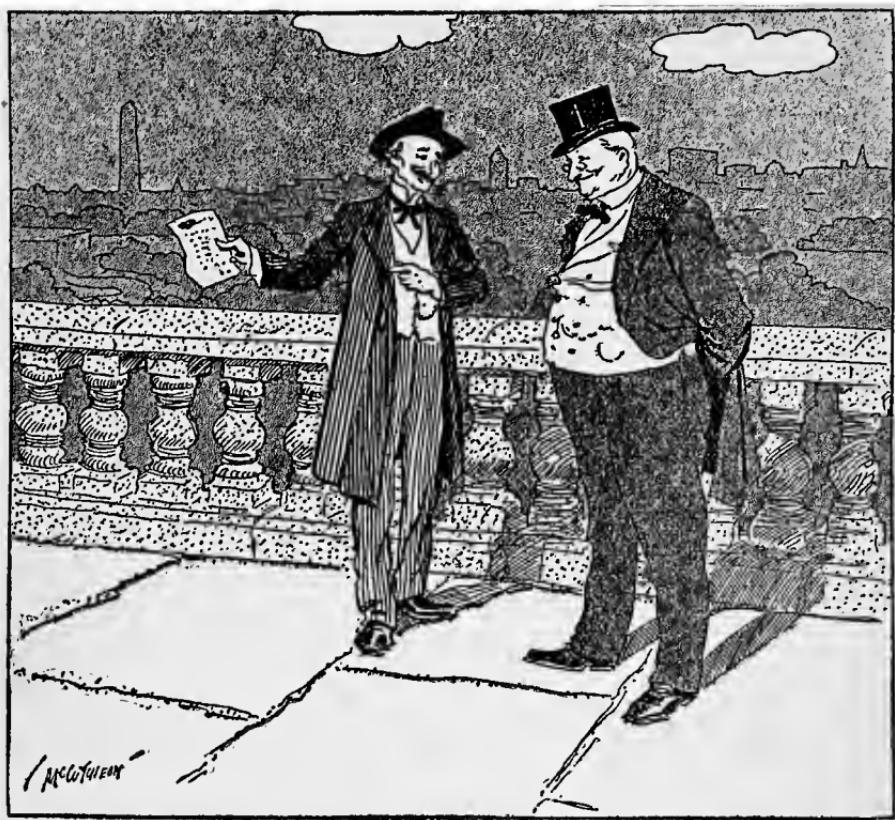
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give, 'divine,' and we forgive him, although we don't lay claim to divinity on that score. We also have erred, thereby proving ourselves to be human; and when we err we try to be big enough to acknowledge it.

"Mr. Pumphrey's record in Congress has been a brilliant one," and so on. It was a complete change of front.

After this gradual, but none the less certain switch had been in operation in several issues, Steele wrote me in a most chastened spirit.

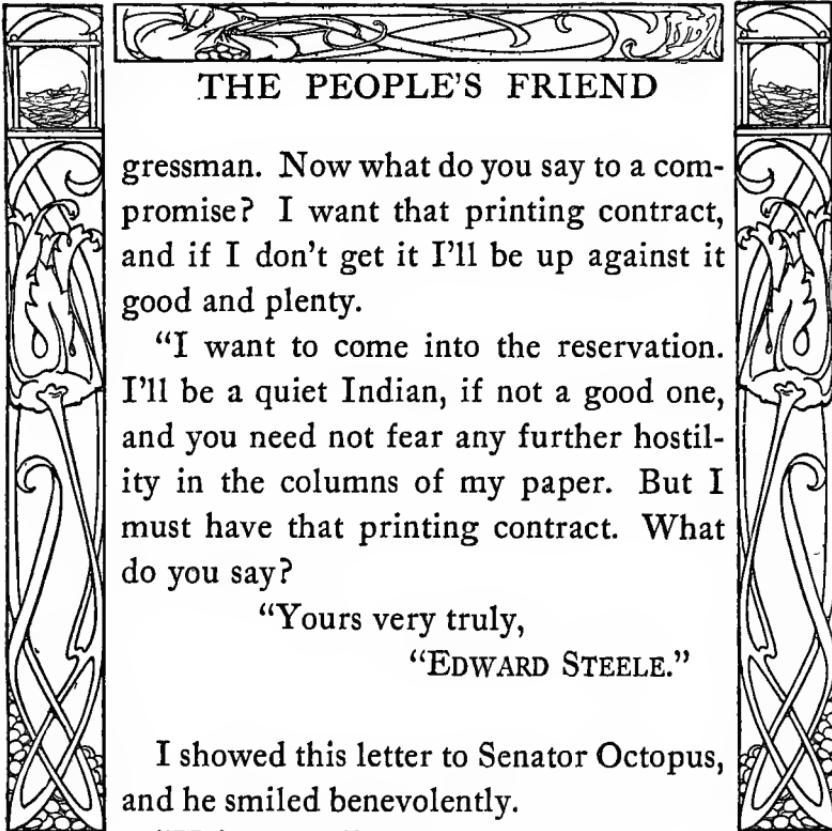
"My dear Congressman," he wrote; "If anybody says I am a fool, he exaggerates. I can see which side my bread is buttered on, and my eyesight is not overly good at that. You've got me licked, Mr. Con-



I showed this letter to Senator Octopus, and he
smiled benevolently.

“He’s a sensible man. Write and tell him that
he shall get his contract”

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gressman. Now what do you say to a compromise? I want that printing contract, and if I don't get it I'll be up against it good and plenty.

"I want to come into the reservation. I'll be a quiet Indian, if not a good one, and you need not fear any further hostility in the columns of my paper. But I must have that printing contract. What do you say?

"Yours very truly,
"EDWARD STEELE."

I showed this letter to Senator Octopus, and he smiled benevolently.

"He's a sensible man. Write and tell him that he shall get his contract, and say you hope he will always be your friend. Don't say anything about bringing him to

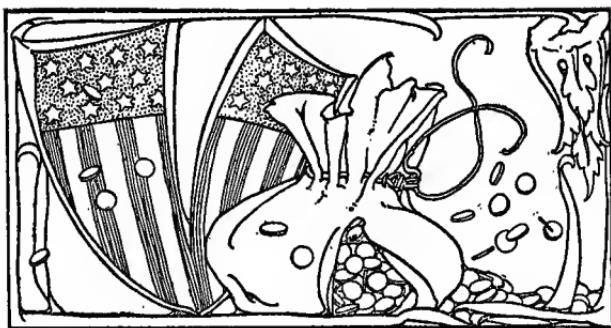
CONGRESSMAN PUMPHREY.

time. There's no good in rubbing it in on a man when your object is accomplished. Write a real nice, friendly letter."

"I'll do it, Senator," said I, and I felt my voice tremble; "and I want to thank you—with all my heart. You've certainly been a good friend to me, and I hope I can sometime show my gratitude by doing you a service."

"Don't mention it, Pumphrey. Come and let's get a drink."

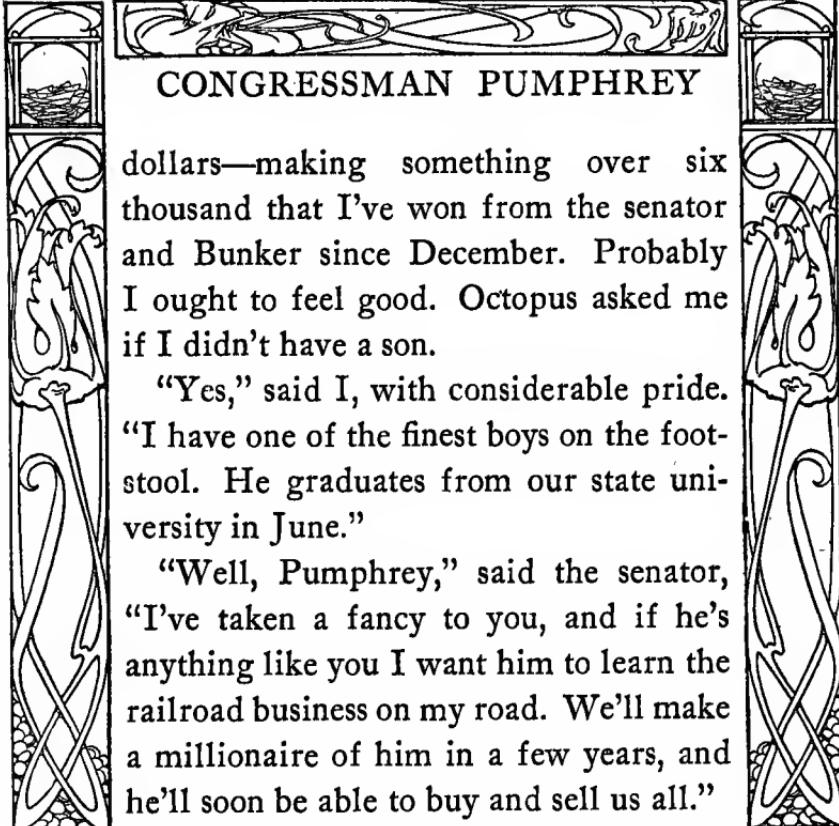




XVII

Washington, D. C., May 27.—We had a friendly little game of poker last night, Senator Octopus, Colonel Bunker, and a gentleman from New York—I didn't catch his name—and, as usual, my luck was with me. Octopus and Bunker always lose when I play with them, and the New Yorker didn't seem to pay much attention to the game.

I cleaned up a little over a thousand



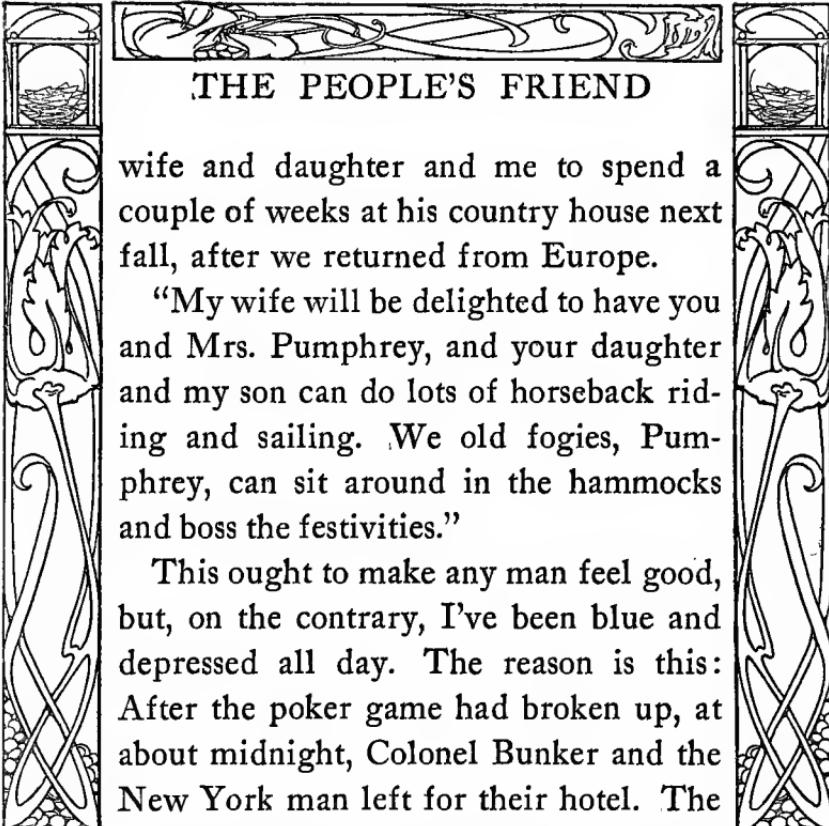
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dollars—making something over six thousand that I've won from the senator and Bunker since December. Probably I ought to feel good. Octopus asked me if I didn't have a son.

"Yes," said I, with considerable pride. "I have one of the finest boys on the footstool. He graduates from our state university in June."

"Well, Pumphrey," said the senator, "I've taken a fancy to you, and if he's anything like you I want him to learn the railroad business on my road. We'll make a millionaire of him in a few years, and he'll soon be able to buy and sell us all."

The senator laughed genially as he said this, and I laughed, too, for Octopus is good for twenty million at least. Later in the game the senator said he wanted my



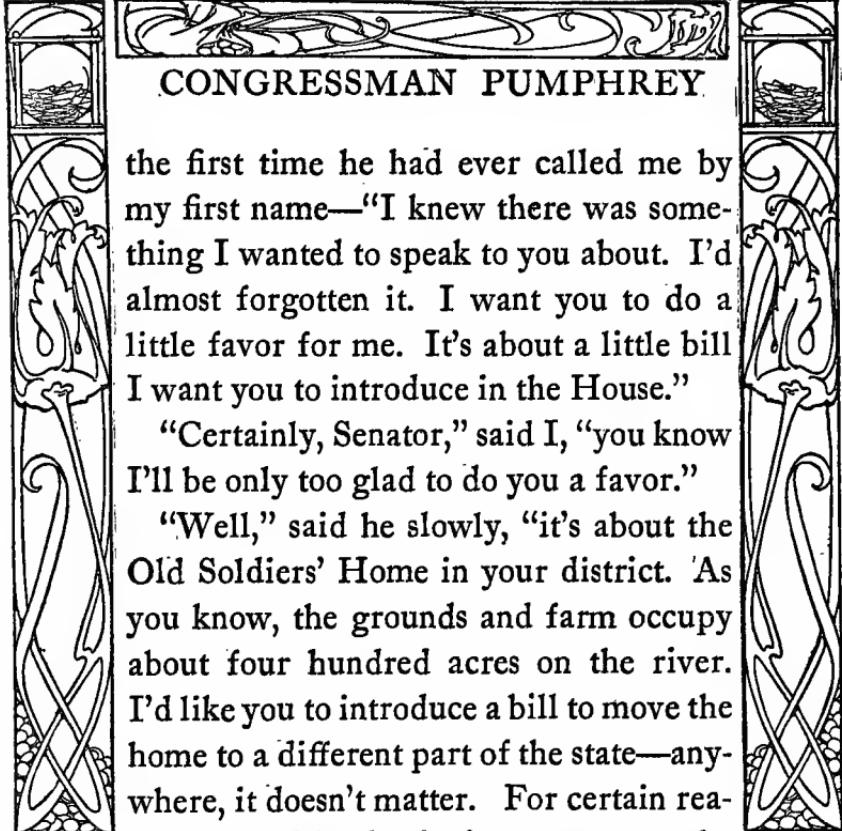
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wife and daughter and me to spend a couple of weeks at his country house next fall, after we returned from Europe.

"My wife will be delighted to have you and Mrs. Pumphrey, and your daughter and my son can do lots of horseback riding and sailing. We old fogies, Pumphrey, can sit around in the hammocks and boss the festivities."

This ought to make any man feel good, but, on the contrary, I've been blue and depressed all day. The reason is this: After the poker game had broken up, at about midnight, Colonel Bunker and the New York man left for their hotel. The senator started to go, and as he was putting on his coat he paused as if he had forgotten something.

"Oh, by the way, Joe," he said—it was



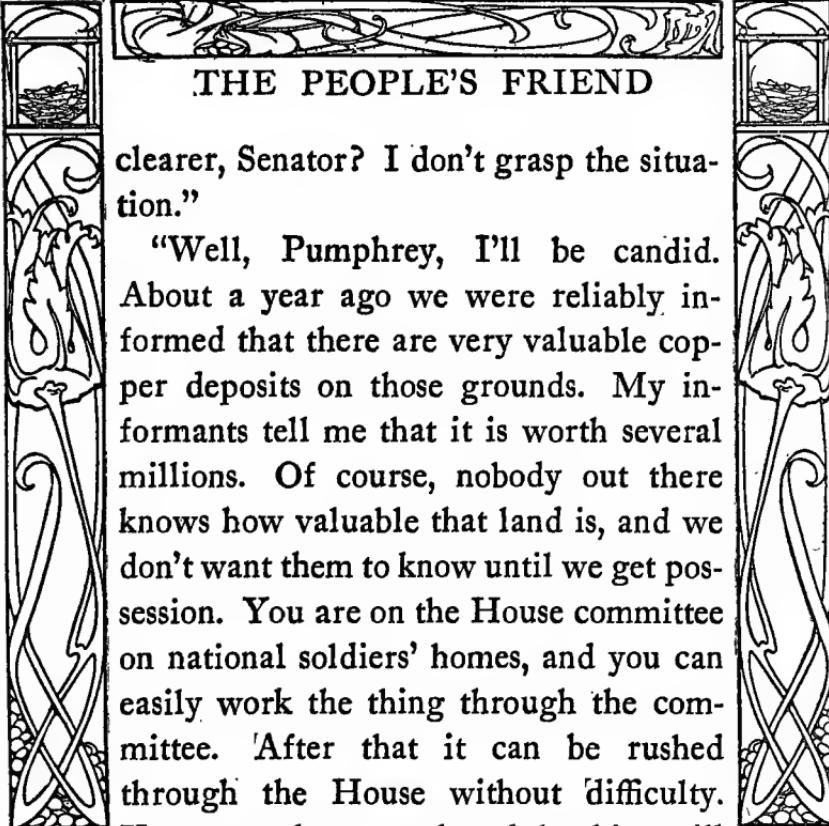
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the first time he had ever called me by my first name—"I knew there was something I wanted to speak to you about. I'd almost forgotten it. I want you to do a little favor for me. It's about a little bill I want you to introduce in the House."

"Certainly, Senator," said I, "you know I'll be only too glad to do you a favor."

"Well," said he slowly, "it's about the Old Soldiers' Home in your district. As you know, the grounds and farm occupy about four hundred acres on the river. I'd like you to introduce a bill to move the home to a different part of the state—anywhere, it doesn't matter. For certain reasons, some friends of mine want to get the property now occupied by the Soldiers' Home."

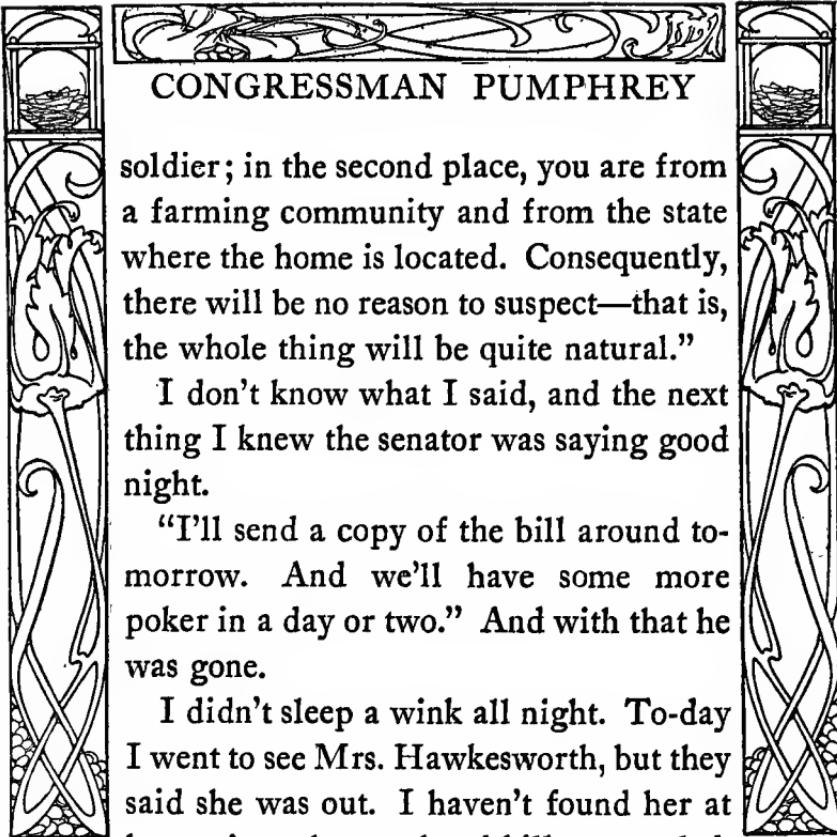
"Can't you make yourself a little



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clearer, Senator? I don't grasp the situation."

"Well, Pumphrey, I'll be candid. About a year ago we were reliably informed that there are very valuable copper deposits on those grounds. My informants tell me that it is worth several millions. Of course, nobody out there knows how valuable that land is, and we don't want them to know until we get possession. You are on the House committee on national soldiers' homes, and you can easily work the thing through the committee. After that it can be rushed through the House without difficulty. You can make a speech and the thing will be done. There are several reasons why you are the man to put the matter through. In the first place, you are an old



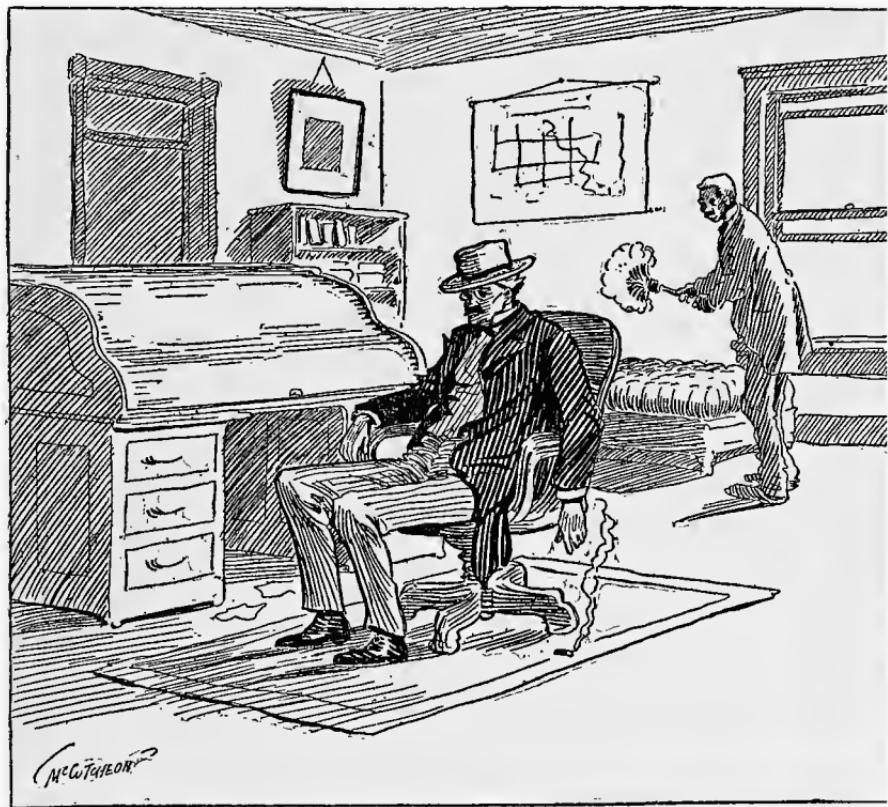
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soldier; in the second place, you are from a farming community and from the state where the home is located. Consequently, there will be no reason to suspect—that is, the whole thing will be quite natural."

I don't know what I said, and the next thing I knew the senator was saying good night.

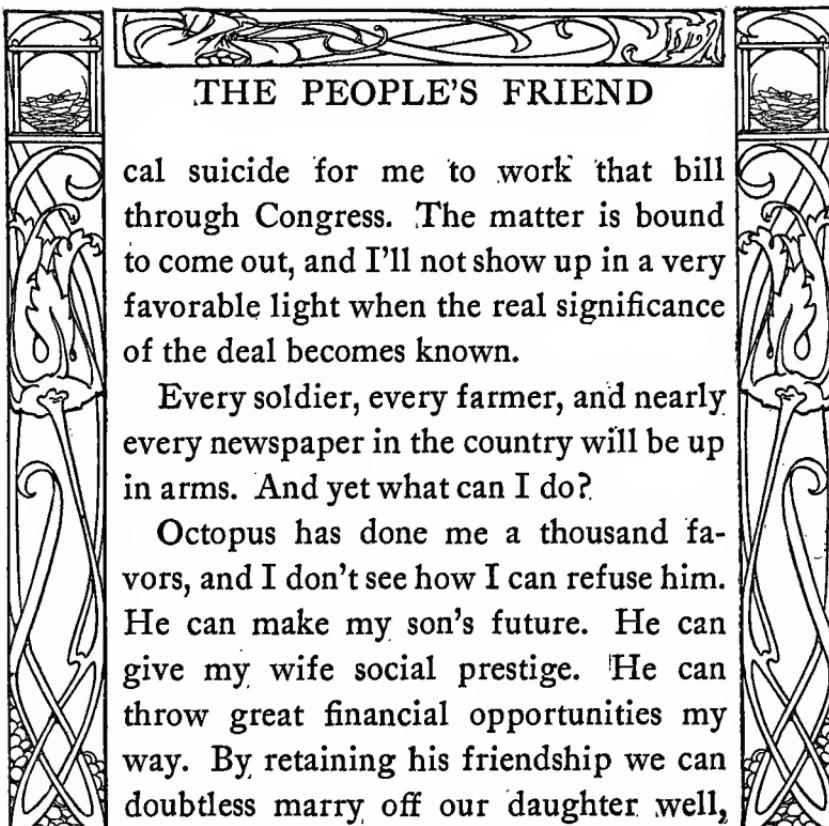
"I'll send a copy of the bill around to-morrow. And we'll have some more poker in a day or two." And with that he was gone.

I didn't sleep a wink all night. To-day I went to see Mrs. Hawkesworth, but they said she was out. I haven't found her at home since the statehood bill was settled, although I've called there a number of times. I wanted to ask her advice. I can't refuse Octopus, although it will be politi-



I can't refuse Octopus, although it will be political suicide for me to work that bill through Congress

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cal suicide for me to work that bill through Congress. The matter is bound to come out, and I'll not show up in a very favorable light when the real significance of the deal becomes known.

Every soldier, every farmer, and nearly every newspaper in the country will be up in arms. And yet what can I do?

Octopus has done me a thousand favors, and I don't see how I can refuse him. He can make my son's future. He can give my wife social prestige. He can throw great financial opportunities my way. By retaining his friendship we can doubtless marry off our daughter well, possibly to his own son.

I seem to have reached the most critical point of my life. Which shall it be—the senator with wealth, social prestige, a

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brilliant marriage, a sure future, or the people, without those things? I shall lay the two sides of the matter before my wife and do as she advises.

THE END



